





ADDRESSES

AT THE INAUGURATION OF

CORNELIUS CONWAY FELTON, LL.D.,

AS

PRESIDENT OF HARVARD COLLEGE,

AND AT

THE FESTIVAL OF THE ALUMNI,

THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1860.



CAMBRIDGE:
SEVER AND FRANCIS,

BOOKSELLERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

1860.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE Rev. James Walker, D. D. having sent his resignation of the Presidency of Harvard College to the Corporation, to take effect at the close of the first term of the Academical year 1859-60, the Corporation elected, on the 26th of January, 1860, Professor Cornelius Conway Felton, LL. D., as his successor, and this appointment was unanimously confirmed by the Board of Overseers on the 16th of February.

On the 31st of March, a committee of the Corporation, consisting of John A. Lowell, Esq. and Amos A. Lawrence, Esq., was appointed to prepare for the inauguration of the new President. The Faculty of the College, having been requested to co-operate with the Corporation, nominated, as a committee for this purpose, Professor Joseph Lovering, Professor F. J. Child, and Professor G. M. Lane.

It was finally arranged that the public inauguration should take place on Thursday, the 19th day of July, being the day of the Triennial Festival of the Alumni, who were invited by the Corporation to unite their celebration with the ceremonies of inauguration. The inauguration of President Wadsworth, in 1725, was on Commencement Day.

Notwithstanding the heavy showers of the morning, the members of the Government of the University, the Association of the Alumni, and the invited guests, assembled in great numbers in Gore Hall, under the twofold attraction of the occasion, and at 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ o'clock the procession was formed,

by the direction of the Chief Marshal, Henry Lee, Jr., Esq.,
and moved in the following order : —

ORDER OF PROCESSION FROM GORE HALL.

	Music by Boston Brigade Band.	
Aid.	Chief Marshal.	Aid.
	Undergraduates of the College.	
	Members of the Scientific and Professional Schools.	
	The Association of the Alumni.	
	Librarian, with the College Seal and Charter.	
	Steward, with the College Keys.	
	Members of the Corporation.	
	Professors and all other Officers of Instruction and Government in the University.	
	Ex-Presidents Quincy, Everett, Sparks, and Walker.	
	Former Members of the Corporation.	
	Ex-Professors of the College.	
	Sheriffs of Suffolk and Middlesex.	
	President of the Association of the Alumni, and Orator of the Day.	
	Orator of the Undergraduates, and Chaplains.	
	His Excellency the Governor, and the President Elect.	
	Governor's Aids.	
	His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, and the Adjutant-General.	
	The Honorable the Executive Council.	
	The Honorable and Reverend Overseers.	
	Gentlemen specially invited.	
	Presidents of other Colleges.	
	Judges of the State and United States Courts.	
	The President of the Senate, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives.	
	Auditor, Treasurer, and Secretary of the Commonwealth.	
	Mayors of Boston and Cambridge.	

After passing in front of University Hall, Holworthy Hall,
Stoughton Hall, Hollis Hall, and Harvard Hall, the proces-
sion entered the First Parish Church at twelve o'clock ; the
galleries of which were already crowded with ladies.

ORDER OF EXERCISES IN THE CHURCH.

I. MUSIC BY THE BAND.

II. LUTHER'S HYMN,

BY THE CHOIR.

III. PRAYER,

BY THE REV. PRESIDENT STEARNS, OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

IV. ORATION IN LATIN,

BY JOSEPH H. McDANIELS, OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

V. ADDRESS AND INDUCTION INTO OFFICE,

BY HIS EXCELLENCY GOVERNOR BANKS.

VI. REPLY,

BY PRESIDENT FELTON.

VII. DOMINE SALVUM FAC PRAESIDEM !

BY THE CHOIR.

VIII. ALUMNI ORATION,

BY THE REV. DR. SAMUEL OSGOOD.

IX. MUSIC BY THE BAND.

X. INAUGURAL ADDRESS,

BY PRESIDENT FELTON.

XI. PRAYER,

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR A. P. TEABODY.

XII. TE DEUM.

XIII. BENEDICTION,

BY THE EX-PRESIDENT, THE REV. DR. WALKER.

The presence upon the stage of four ex-Presidents of Harvard College—the Hon. Josiah Quincy, the Hon. Edward Everett, the Hon. Jared Sparks, and the Rev. Dr. James Walker—was the most extraordinary incident of the day. The vacant chair reserved for the oldest of this distinguished band was scarcely less eloquent during the early part of the services than the appearance of his venerable form at the private door of the pulpit while President Felton was delivering his Inaugural Address. While he was conducted to his seat, at the head of the column of living ex-Presidents, the whole audience rose involuntarily to express their emotion, and the felicitous turn which the speaker gave to his discourse made the event a most happy interruption in the programme.

At the conclusion of the services in the church, the Alumni of the College, the Government of the University, and the invited guests assembled again in Gore Hall, and marched in procession to Harvard Hall, where a dinner had been provided under the direction of the committee of the Association of the Alumni.

For the Committee,

JOSEPH LOVERING.

CAMBRIDGE, September, 1860.

L A T I N O R A T I O N ,

B Y

J O S E P H H . M c D A N I E L S ,

O F T H E

S E N I O R C L A S S .

ORATIO.*

Vixdum silent voces quas modo hi parietes reddebant, quum hodie aliis vocibus aliaque causa iterum resonant. Adolescentes et senes, non modo nos qui in hoc loco quasi in regno sapientiae mansuri sumus, et ii qui heri in regnum amplius et per omnes terras patens ex his finibus transierunt, sed etiam qui multos ante annos hinc discesserunt, omnes, quasi cives aut legati, convocamur, ut novum regem in civitate constituamus, ut de illo nobis gratulemur, ut festum diem agamus.

Juvenes, qui modo socii nostri in his studiis fuerunt, lacte hic lactos videmus atque optimis ominibus prosequimur. Quam praescriptionem edictis suis Romani soliti sunt praescribere, “Quod bonum, faustum felixque sit,” vitae eorum praescribimus, et spem habemus hunc diem iis omnia prospera ac fortunata portendere.

Sed seniores praecipuo gaudio afficiuntur. Nam hodie, triennio interjecto, de more huc convenerunt ut notas sedes amicosque notos revisant, ut inter se

* On account of the illness of the orator, the Oration was read by his classmate, William Franklin Snow.

colloquantur, et temporis praeteriti familiaritatem renouent. Recordantur parvum incertumque hujus collegii principium, ut in loca deserta, in solum non modo alienum sed etiam inimicum translatum et quasi talca tenera satum sit; ut floruerit tamquam ulmi quibus ingentissimis circumdetur; ut umbram viris fortissimis praebuerit, qui, quum belli civilis procellis quateretur, libenter ei subvenerint; ut, denique, bello ac procellis superstes nunc per dimidium orbis terrarum ramos longe lateque extendat. Quum suos quondam socios, quum sanctae theologiae doctores, quum oratores et iudices, quum civitatis principes et senatores, qui pietate aut eloquentia aut sapientia illustrissimi sunt, quum hos omnes ex regionibus diversissimis ejusdem matris alumnos vident, verba Anchisae dicta de Roma aptissima in mentem veniunt, —

“ Auspiciis illa incluta
Imperium terris, animos aequabit Olympo,
Felix prole virum.”

Ergo pro hac matre felice prolem benigne excipimus.

Sed non solum quos hic oculis nostris aspicimus digni sunt quorum mentionem faciamus. Mihi quidem, longa in hanc aedem pompa perducta, cum ea se conjungere visae sunt animae priscorum virorum qui hos ducentos annos ex hoc fonte aquas doctrinae hauserunt : —

“ Quique sacerdotes casti dum vita manebat,
Quique pii vates et Phoebæ digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo ;”

horum umbrae silentes volitant circum sedes quae iis in vita gratae erant, et animis faventibus nos despicunt.

Quanti autem civitas et cives res hujus collegii faciant, civitatis princeps praesentia sua et hic conventus frequentissimus virorum et matrum et virginum satis ostendunt. Decet Rempublicam humanitatis cultum honorare per quem sapientes ad res administrandas exercentur; decet matronas et sorores hic adesse ubi filii et fratres spes earum tutissima versantur.

De iis qui huc uno animo coque laetissimo congregati sunt hoc tantum locuti, restat ut de illo cujus causa est congregatio pauca dicamus. Ingrati autem et nobis indigni essemus, si, quum nobis de novo praeside gratularemur, cum qui tot annos tanto studio ad universitatem augendam tantos labores per tulit, omitteremus. Praeclarus et fortunatus ille dies quo nostris rebus praefectus est, et nunc quum triste verbum "Vale" dicimus, ne laetissimis quidem temporibus integrum gaudium esse humanarum rerum intelligimus.

Utinam mihi liceat ut lingua Latina sic etiam moribus Latinorum in dicendo uti. Principi enim oratorum illorum de se ipso dicenti narrare quae egregie fecerat nulla erat religio; nobis de aliis dicentibus quae vera, quae laude digna, quae ex animo sentimus, non parte ejusdem libertatis uti liceat?

Ego vero quum haec omnia unius opera florere video, non possum quin illius operam admirem et illi gratias agam.

Ut de iis primum dicam quae oculis percipimus, in partibus diversis aedificia solida et grandia intra collegii muros posita sunt. Hinc thesaurus quidam rerum aspectu dignarum aut quae in terris repositae sunt aut quae hominum artibus inventae; illinc ex legato civis liberalissimi aedes sancta et tota Deo dedicata est educta. Porro autem et extra muros aedificium minus et humiliter est modo extructum, cujus minime decet nos oblivisci. Nimirum enim ad nos convenientia verba Horatii, adhuc fuerunt.

Aprium oderamus campum, timebamus flavum Tiberim tangere, nec certe exercendo livida brachia gestabamus. Nunc autem quantum haec mutata! Quae in nostro Tiberi praeclare et egregie facta, quis non audit? In his rebus profecto Romanos et Graecos superamus. Romanis enim fuerunt Campus et Tiberis, Graecis gymnasia in quibus corporis exercitationibus sunt assuefacti. Nobis autem non desunt et campus et Tiberis atque gymnasium.

Ad mentes exercendas non minores sunt facultates datae. Homo pius et philosophiam colens universitati praeerat, in quo consilium imperiti, opem inopes invenerunt. Summae is in dicendo gravitatis, summae in imperando prudentiae fuit. Quanto studio ex ejus labris verba sapientiae plena et vitae praecepta beatae audivimus! Quantam artem et peritiam in rebus difficillimis agendis praestitit!

Quid igitur? Dignusne est quisquam qui viro tantis virtutibus praedito succedat? Quis nisi tu, cujus nomen multos annos cum hoc collegio conjunctum est, qui nunc singulari quadam fortuna neces-

sitatibus adfuisti? Ad hunc locum accedis neque patriae hominumque gentibus neque nobis praesentibus ignotus. Eruditionem illam, quam investigatione diligentissima consecutus es, nunquam passus es inutilem esse. Sed alterum multoque majus beneficium in cives tuos et in omnes homines contulisti. In alienis civitatibus peregrinatus, cum viris illustrissimis et doctissimis collocutus, ad fontem ipsum philosophiae, ad illam Graeciam quondam liberam et celeberrimam pervenisti. Veterum Graecorum poetarum et oratorum et philosophorum semper amantissimus facile adductus es ut Graecos hujus aetatis diligeres, quos plurimos annos a tyrannis oppressos, ut vix quidem eos cognosceremus esse, tu scriptis tuis per nostram rempublicam decoravisti. Reddidisti nobis gentem antiquam nobilemque quae diu prostrata jacuit, quae modo surrexit et sibi libertatem vindicavit, de litteris eorum florentibus et civitate nunc firmata nos docuisti. Quare seu doctrinam seu alias facultates quibus hominibus profuisti, spectas, tibi ut Cicero licet vere et modeste profiteri: “Ceteros pudeat, si qui se ita litteris abdiderunt, ut nihil possent ex iis neque ad communem afferre fructum neque in aspectum lucemque proferre; me autem quid pudeat qui tot annos ita vivo ut a nullius unquam me tempore aut commodo aut otium meum abstraxerit aut voluptas avocarit aut denique somnus retardarit?”

Ergo pro sociis nostris qui tua disciplina fructi sunt et tuos mores facillimos noverunt, pro sociis tuis qui amicitia et laboribus tecum sunt conjuncti, pro

hoc frequentissimo conventu hominum, pro omnibus sapientiae cultoribus, te salvere jubemus : et speramus fore ut haec universitas quae, quanquam multorum capitum et plurium corporum fuit, adhuc floruit, te praeside, valeat et rebus secundis fruatur.

A D D R E S S

OF

HIS EXCELLENCY, NATHANIEL P. BANKS,

GOVERNOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH,

AND

R E P L Y

OF

P R E S I D E N T F E L T O N .

A D D R E S S .

PROFESSOR FELTON : —

The members of the Corporation and the Overseers of Harvard College are assembled on this occasion for the purpose of completing, by unostentatious yet solemn ceremony, your induction to the office of President.

The service assigned to me is to present to you the Charter and Keys of the institution, as symbols of your office and authority. In performing this simple duty, I need not commend to you, Sir, the important educational interests committed to your charge, as the head of this ancient University. No one can better understand its relation to pupils, the people, and the State. More than thirty years passed, with slight interruption, within the immediate circle of its influence, as student, alumnus, tutor, Professor in different departments,—enriched as that period has been by experience of foreign travel, with a special eye to your duties, and a generous devotion to the general educational interests of the State,—cannot fail to have given you a full appreciation of the dignity of the office, or the important influence

which a wise, just, and firm administration of its powers can impart to the cause of education throughout the land.

For the first time the University may be said to have educated, and, so far as that result can be achieved by outward opportunities and influence, it has watched the growth and fashioned the character, of its presiding officer. An unhesitating election by the Corporation; the unanimous confirmation by a large and intelligent Board of Overseers; the approval of the Faculty and Alumni; the undissembled satisfaction of the Undergraduates; the unreserved confidence inspired in scholars and intelligent men everywhere,—all of whom are properly represented in this assembly,—assure us that the President it has created is equal to his commission, and will faithfully discharge its duties. Like one who rises from the ranks to the head of an army, you will possess in the confidence of your associates and the public a power which a more eventful life and higher attainments even might fail to confer.

It is my pleasant duty, Sir, in obedience to a custom never yet broken, as the Chief Executive Magistrate of the Commonwealth, to welcome you to the academic honors with which you are this day crowned. I solicit for your administration the co-operation of the people, the Legislature, the Corporation, the Board of Overseers, the Faculty, and the friends of thorough, manly, and truthful education everywhere. I solicit at the hands of the Undergraduates, upon whose concurrence in the general policy of the insti-

tution so much depends, a like generous and manly support ; not so much because your measures will be adapted to the views or caprices of individuals or coteries, or that the reasons upon which they may rest will be anticipated or instantly appreciated, as that your long and honorable official career has given unforfeited pledges of a purpose to do right ; that the cause of enlightened education demands for this honored University a responsible head ; and that its high purpose is, not to minister to the preferences of favorites, but to create men to whom may be safely intrusted in part the direction and the responsibilities of an age that promises to be as stirring and eventful as any that has preceded it in the history of states or men.

I should fail to discharge my duty, did I not advert to the unflagging interest which the government of the State has manifested in the prosperity of this University. It was but two years after the establishment of a Legislature, that, among its first important acts, liberal provision was made—not instantly realized, it is true—for the foundation of this institution of learning, which had doubtless been contemplated from the first planting of the Colony. And it has shared with other colleges and schools the munificent and wise educational appropriations which have conferred such lasting honor upon the founders and people of the State. The interest of the people in its welfare is signally exhibited in the fact, that it is the only institution, not immediately connected with the routine operations of government, that is

specified by name in the Constitution of the Commonwealth.

Surely the services which it has rendered in return should not be forgotten. Its prosperity assures us, as it assured those who preceded us, that "learning is not to be buried in the graves of our fathers." The first President of the University born on this side of the Atlantic, was the chosen agent of the infant Colony to represent its interests in England, who obtained from William and Mary the great Charter, of which he was reputed a chief author, that brought to an end the rigid, theocratic form of government which for sixty years upheld the union of Church and State, and gave to freeholders, equally with church-members, the right to representation and participation in the affairs of government. Whether this fundamental change in the constitution of the body politic contributed more or less to the purity of government, I cannot say, but it is certainly a privilege which non-professors would surrender with reluctance, and must be classed among the earliest triumphs of the principle of the supremacy of the people.

The first Governor of the Commonwealth under the Constitution, at the inauguration of one of the most distinguished of your predecessors, did not hesitate to say that the College had been in some sense the nurse and parent of the Revolution.

We recall with pride the names of its graduates, Hancock and Adams, the immediate Presidential successors of Washington and Monroe, and distin-

guished men in every walk of private and public life, not forgetting those least known to fame, who, as unassuming but influential citizens of the towns of the Commonwealth, gave their energy and wisdom to the affairs of local governments, which, reflected subsequently in legislative acts, constitute the body of our statute laws relating to the churches, schools, highways, and town governments, to which Massachusetts owes so much of her prosperity and renown.

The education of the young is one of the noblest prerogatives that can fall to the lot of man. It is higher than the authority of states. Even the home circle would be stripped of much of its importance were it deprived of the right of moral, mental, and physical culture prescribed by affection and duty. Education opens to young men the avenues of science, invention, and discovery, — sometimes of fortune and fame, but as often, perhaps, of suffering and sorrow. By some foreordination, it would seem as though none of the human family were permitted to approach the inspirations of a higher existence, without tasting in some measure the throes and agony of this. Knowledge is not always happiness, but it never fails to confer dignity and power. The solitary student, wearing away a life of labor, unknown to authority and to men, may fill the world with the inspirations of his soul. May we not hope that so much of this marvellous, life-creating, world-changing power as may be imparted to the young within the walls of this University, may be exerted

for the benefit and not for the destruction of men ; that its conquests may be those of peace, and not of war ; that it may inscribe upon the flowing folds of its spotless banner the words, Truth, Justice, and Freedom ; that its disciples may feel that the chief object of their novitiate here is not mere attainments, but the discovery of the best methods of attainment ; that they may never lose faith in men or the right, nor join the ranks of those described by the great master of human nature as men who think to “ circumvent God ” ? And as Hancock was justified in regarding the College as a nurse and parent of the American Revolution, may we not hope that it will remain forever, under whatever administration of University or State, the propagandist and conservator of Christian literature and well-regulated and universal liberty ?

Massachusetts is not the only State that has made liberal provision for education. No wise or prosperous ruler in any age has been willing to forego altogether the advantages of so great a power. But in other governments the system established has been intended to perpetuate and strengthen the privilege of rulers. The system inaugurated by Massachusetts is one intended to improve the condition of the people, and to be administered in concurrence by the State and the people for their mutual advantage. At no period of our history has the unity of interests been more strongly marked than at present. And I regard it as one of the most auspicious indications of the time, that the distrust sometimes existing be-

tween the friends of collegiate and common school education has, in a great degree, disappeared. The liberal foundation of State scholarships, and the success of students admitted to them, in all the colleges, and the recent provision made for instruction of teachers of the public schools, in certain branches of natural science, in this institution, I regard as most important steps, tending directly to the ultimate harmonious co-operation of all the educational interests within the Commonwealth.

Your predecessors in office have not failed to enlarge the scope and to strengthen the capacity of the institution. I need not recall the memories of Dunster, Mather, and Kirkland, in proof of this. The living men who honor us with their presence,—your immediate predecessor, whose resignation has been so reluctantly and regretfully accepted; another, whose fame is honorably identified with the historic literature of his country; another still, whose eloquence has made his name a part of the history of the Father of his Country; and the last, the earliest of living Presidents and the noblest of men, who must be classed among honorable men, though, like Juvenal, we reduce the number of the good to that of the gates of Thebes or the mouths of the Nile,—such men are a sufficient attestation of the fact. I can only wish you a like honorable service and success.

I present to you the Charter and the Keys of the College, and in the name of the Corporation and Overseers, in the name of this assembly, I salute you as President of the University of Cambridge.

REPLY.

YOUR EXCELLENCY : —

It is with the deepest sensibility that I assume the office of President of Harvard College. I am grateful to you for the friendly terms in which, as Chief Magistrate of this ancient Commonwealth, you have given to the appointment your official sanction. The present state of the University, thanks to the wise conduct of its affairs by my predecessors and their associates, is prosperous beyond all former example. I congratulate myself that I am called to its direction when I may hope to avail myself of the counsels of four distinguished men who have held it before me, and that my associates are old friends, with whom I have long acted in uninterrupted harmony. But my chief reliance must be the blessing of Almighty God upon honest intentions and strenuous endeavors.

I congratulate myself also, your Excellency, that I am introduced to this station by a Governor of the Commonwealth under whose administration an important means of scientific culture for the people —

the Museum of Natural History — has been added to the institutions of Cambridge. Sir, to whatever loftier heights of power and fame you may hereafter ascend, you will recall with satisfaction the service you rendered to science by the enlightened influence you exercised in behalf of the noble endowment granted to that establishment by the State. In the name of Letters and Science, I take this public occasion to thank you.

Your Excellency, I know what College life is. One-and-thirty years passed in the service of the University have been my apprenticeship. I know what College students are ; five-and-thirty years I have been one myself. Their virtues are dear to me ; their faults I understand ; I neither extenuate them, nor exaggerate them, nor fear them. I shall press upon the young men the duty of obeying the laws, and the sacred obligations of thorough and conscientious study, as the only means of doing justice to themselves, their parents, and the University. The influences of the place, and the example of renowned predecessors, are powerful aids in forming the character and inspiring the generous ambition to excel. I shall not forget to invoke them.

I shall do my best, your Excellency, to promote the highest interests of the successive classes ; I shall not weaken the discipline which has always distinguished this University, and made its halls fit dwelling-places for studious and virtuous youth. Discipline is the preparation for life. Obedience is the prelude

to command. So far as in me lies, I shall maintain the cause of order and steady industry, by aiming to secure, not the gratification of the moment, but the lasting good of the academic youth, as intellectual, moral, and religious beings.

THE GRADUATE'S RETURN :

AN

ORATION

BEFORE

THE ALUMNI OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY,

AT THEIR

TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL, JULY 19, 1860.

BY

SAMUEL OSGOOD,

MINISTER OF THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, NEW YORK CITY.

ORATION.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND BRETHREN OF THE ALUMNI:—

The swift years have brought us once more to this cherished festival of letters and good-fellowship, and the new auspices under which we meet to-day, instead of eclipsing, ought rather to brighten the interest of our reunion. We have been invited to take part in the inauguration of our brother, the President elect, and with cordial respect complying, we yet keep our own established usages, hold our own time and ground, and speak our own free word alike of greeting and declaration. It would be easier, and in some respects, undoubtedly, more agreeable, for me simply to express your good wishes and take my seat. But I cannot with propriety disregard your customs and express instructions, and substitute ceremonial congratulation for regular discourse. The presence of so many superiors, instead of depressing a speaker, ought rather to cheer and encourage him by thoughts of the old times when we stood on this platform by command of the fathers, and by bringing him nearer you as brothers. As a brother—one of the rank and file, not above you but among you—I would

stand here to-day, and speak a word that may be as much yours as mine. It is, I believe, a rule that is held good both by man and woman, that he who loves much has a right to say something. In the love of Old Harvard, as one among the many the sunshine of whose life has come from our Alma Mater's smile, let me take the subject from the occasion, and speak of "The Graduate's Return from the World to the University." To-day we return to the University, where in youth we studied together, from the world, where in manhood we have been working together. Here, then, our manhood stands face to face with our youth, and the encounter will be not sad, but cheering, if we can maintain our doctrine that as men we are bound, not to lose, but to realize whatever was best in the spirit, objects, and fellowships of our youth. Upon this simple thread of association, let our thoughts run their own easiest way.

I. Here in our *youth* we studied together. Dwell a moment upon the spirit of those early days. It seems now but yesterday that we lived within these College walls. We were youths then,—not boys, not men; not boys, with passions dormant, with set tasks for the patient memory, and with wills in leading-strings under the parental roof; not men, either, under the burden and heat of the day, full of care for bread or name. We were youths, emancipated from boyhood and on the way to manhood, with fresh blood coursing through our veins, and with a sense of new freedom, at once impatient of restraint and

earnest for progress. How could we fail, then, of a certain *enthusiasm*, that must show itself in our tone of life, and make us in fact what we were in name, — young students?

Students! Mark that word. Not mere school-boys learning lessons by heart, — not professional adepts, using the fruits of previous study, or, if studying, doing so with an eye to professional work, — but students; and, as the term implies, carrying the freshness of curiosity into our pursuits, and bent upon some kind of knowledge. If any of us were a little dull in the recitation-room, and more earnest for the laboratory or the garden than for the regular text-books, we were generally studious in some way, — in some way, if not the best, seekers for light to open new paths to young and eager eyes. Every old hall and tree recalls the enthusiasm of those days, and we see ourselves restored in these youths, who have the freshness of the morning on their cheek, and the light of new studies in their eye. Here flows the wonderful fountain of life, that has always seemed the same, though always changing, like the old Helicon, whose waters ever held the same hue and sparkle, although constantly passing away. As we look upon this fountain of Youth, fresh and new as in the old times two centuries ago, we find ourselves claiming it as our own, and are half ready to quarrel with these young students for taking our goods and stealing our lost youth. But let them have it. It is theirs now, as it was ours once; and when they are as old as we are, they may

find that there is something far better that should come with time, and that true experience ripens, instead of blighting, the blossom of early enthusiasm.

The dull world may deny this, and try to set up an impassable barrier between youth and manhood, in the name of its pet word, *experience*, as if the prosy sound must needs put all young enthusiasm to flight. We accept the word, but not in any disheartening sense, not allowing for a moment that wisdom implies the death of any generous feeling. True, indeed, there is a time when we are tempted to lose our ideal in the actual, and perhaps think that a dull worldliness is the necessary cost of experience, — ready to say with Schiller, —

“ The chains of fancy all are rent
And all her fair creations flown;
The pleasing faith has passed away
In beings which my visions bore;
Reality has made its prey
Of what seemed beautiful before.”

With experience, indeed, many illusions must pass away, and in two chief ways time is likely to chill something of our early fervor. The passage from fancy to fact puts the stern limit of reality before our young dreams, and as in youth we dream of a hundred careers, and in manhood, according to the cruel laws of time and space, we must be content to have but one career, we must expect empires of air-castles to dissolve into mist the moment we exchange dreaming for waking, and build upon the solid ground. In the next place, the passage from

the contemplative to the active, or from the cognitive to the conative state of mind, startles us from our quiet studies and fair visions by revealing the law of labor, that is quite as inexorable as the limit of time and space. We see that we must not only change our *post* but our *posture*, not only our material but our mood, and upon actual things do actual work. So be it, and what then? Accept the limit of necessity, and submit to the law of labor. But why abate one jot of heart or hope, as the field is before us and the battle is to be won? Because we are face to face with fact, are we not to open our eyes wider, instead of shutting them, and to put forth our hands more bravely, instead of folding them in dainty indolence? Certainly, limitation should deepen enthusiasm instead of killing it, and the moment the game starts up in our path, we need more eye and more courage than while we were curiously watching the clouds chase each other across the sky. Labor also ought to quicken enthusiasm, alike by bringing our thoughts to a practical point, such as favors insight as well as oversight, and by adding the force of manly will to the ardor of youthful susceptibility. Under both points of view, we maintain that true enthusiasm should deepen with experience, and if actual affairs at first may chill the untried student, he will find his courage rising, instead of falling, as he takes a real interest in them, and so rises from the *actual* to the *real*, or from the show to the substance. Limitation, instead of contracting, should concentrate his thoughts; and labor, instead of hardening, should

strengthen his purpose. Thus he comes to a real enthusiasm instead of one mainly ideal, or to a fervor more the fruit of the earnest purpose and the effective will, than of the roving fancy or the curious intellect. The fancy and the intellect catch something of the new zest of reality indeed, and the eye bent on real good may have a quicker sight for beauty and a deeper insight into truth. Thus the true student, when become a master of his working art, is a student still, and as first studies lose their freshness, higher studies under the imperial word of positive duties open their more celestial gates, and bring the childlike seeker near the inmost shrine.

But why speak only of the power of the working will upon the taste and intellect? Why not urge its worth as a fountain of original inspiration and strength? Why not clearly say, what all sound philosophy and history assure us, that the student must become a worker in order to have his full animation, and that the active will, quite as much as the inquisitive intellect, can be inwardly moved, and faithful service adds heroic fire to quiet study? With all that is claimed for the strength of youthful spirit, it is certainly the frequent trouble with our early purposes, that they are more visionary than effective, more aspiring than inspired, and that in our early plans, as in our scribblings in verse, we are apt to make the fatal mistake of confounding aspiration and inspiration, and so mocking daring aims with lame achievements. In our relations to nature, mankind, and to God, it is the hardest of all things to rise from

susceptibility to energy, and to do our part, instead of expecting everything to be done for us. A weakness, even of physical tone, is no uncommon trait of student life, and the mind languishes in want of the natural help from the body, even the moral and religious faculties catching the feebleness of the nerves and muscles. Hence, the need of giving to college recreations, as well as studies, more of the tonic force of active life, and preparing our youth to be brave in the great battle to come, by the sports that stir courage as well as develop strength. Professor Erdmann of Halle has some excellent observations on this point in his recent spirited lectures on University education, and he strenuously maintains the superiority of the chivalrous sports that invigorate the spirits, over the gymnastic exercises that only swell the muscles, commending the arts that give youth mastery over the elements and over brutes, and, if need be, over rude men, and declaring a riding-school as important as a library to students, and that it should be as cheap and accessible. Certainly, academic education is, of itself, very deficient in the training of active power, and the constructive will must put forth its force before the true enthusiasm, the real animation, and even the constructive imagination, can be known. The earnest worker, and he alone, can know that a determined purpose may be as creative and spontaneous as the susceptible fancy, or the inquisitive intellect, and the brave right hand may write out in solid deeds as stirring lyrics as any that are breathed in song. Now surely in

manhood the active will comes to its best consciousness, and may find itself most vitally moved, alike from human sympathy, professional discipline, and divine influence. Manhood is therefore the time for a ripe and real enthusiasm that unites active strength with intellectual sensibility, brings out the real man in his energy as well as his susceptibility, and makes the wise head and the ready hand work together, whilst the generous heart stands loyally between the two, and with cheerful pulses, like a musical band, beats brave marches for their journeying and peaceful requiems for their rest.

In this spirit we face our youth to-day, and bathe anew in its morning freshness, stoutly refusing, however, to ask the shadow to turn back on the dial, or to bewail the flight of years as the death of generous feeling. If we have been true to our early days, we carry their blessing and power forward with us as we go, as the calm full stream bears the mountain spring with it in its large and beneficent tide, and in waters that still sparkle takes goodly fleets upon its bosom, and nurtures sweet blooms and rich fruits upon its banks. Thus surely a true man maintains and deepens the enthusiasm of youth, if less ardent, more fervent than of old, and if less ready to take fire, more able to carry fire than when in his teens. So it is that all loyal service, instead of forgetting freedom, does but fix and perpetuate it, as free in duty as of old free in enjoyment or curiosity, with a liberty that is a power instead of a mere idea, an effective force instead of an exacting desire, and

escaping the world's dull drudgery not by droning imbecility, but by brave fidelity. So the true man finds himself as the years pass, ever returning to what was best in his youth, and singing with new heart the old lays of faith and fellowship. Such has been the way with all real humanity in the career of the great historical races that have marched westward to build up the city of God on earth. As these races have advanced in their course of constructive conquest, their heroic will has ever reaffirmed the faith that led them from the cradle of Oriental quietude. The countrymen of Paul, Chrysostom, Ambrose, Charlemagne, Alfred, Luther, Washington, as they have done brave deeds, have said more deeply the old hymns and prayers of Hebrew bards and prophets. Not only with trembling harps and pealing organs, but with ringing anvils, cleaving ploughshares, whirling spindles, rustling presses, speeding ships, cheering bugles, and hurrying emigrant trains, they are chanting the old *Te Deums* and *Glorias*, in deeds as well as in words, that circle the globe, and make the outgoings of the morning and evening to meet and rejoice together. In this spirit we return to our morning land, and ask that experience may ripen into manly fidelity the impulsive enthusiasm of our youth, instead of sinking it into dreamy worldliness, or evaporating it in airy caprice, and when it is time for our day to sink into the Western shadows, our sun may hang out with richer trophies upon his evening pavilion the same crimson banner which he unfurled as he began his

morning march, and the vesper hymn may deepen the thanksgiving and not dash the joy or the hope that spoke in the morning prayer. Such a faith binds our days together by "natural piety," and manhood transforms the spirit of youth into the practical realism that is earnest to *take* all good gifts to itself, and to *make* them into true uses, so joining the receptive and the active powers together, as to promote the student into the worker, the disciple of knowledge into the Master of Arts.

II. Returning thus to the spirit of our youth, we are in a position to see it in action and consider its leading object. Coming hither from the world where we have been and are working together, we see more clearly, that the peculiarity of our College life was in the fact that we *studied* together. Those two words, *study* and *work*, tell the story of the objects of our youth and manhood, as the words *enthusiasm* and *experience* tell the story of spirit of the two seasons. Of course, to study is to work, and to work with any sort of sense or spirit is, more or less, to study. But the difference between the working student and the studious worker is this, that the student works in order to study, and the worker studies in order to work; with the former study being the object of work, and with the latter work being the object of study. So important is this distinction, that it cannot wisely be set aside by trying to make the young student a professional worker, or to make the professional worker merely a student. The collegian who is obliged to stop in his studies, to

attend to professional practice, or the professional man who has no practice to give point to his studies, is in a poor path of improvement. The true method is, to give youth mainly to study, and then in manhood leave it not merely to intellectual tastes, but to positive professional duties, to give the motive for study, that before was found under the discipline of teachers. The student is in danger of becoming a mere smatterer, if he has not most of his time for his books, and the graduate without the positive demands of a profession upon his time and thoughts, is apt to be little more than a dainty amateur, or a feeble *dilettante*. He can study best in youth who is free to prepare to work well in manhood, and he can work best in manhood who is called to apply well the studies of his youth. He who studies in order to find truth, continues, instead of breaking off his career, when he works truth into practice, and study thus bears fruit in work, realizing itself, not nullifying itself in action.

To-day we confront our years of study, and there is something not wholly cheering in the remembrance of our student life, when we were so free to seek after truth amid such boundless stores of learning, with teachers so many, so able, and so faithful. But if we grieve at all that those years are gone, it should be, not because we would always be students, or return to these halls, but because we did not use our time here well, and are haunted by ghosts of old follies, perhaps vices, as we walk through these familiar groves. Consider well the life of study led

by us here, and must we not say that its best treasures have been returning to us in the path of active fidelity, and all true work has revived the objects of our study ?

Without attempting any ambitious classification, we may, in harmony with the best thinkers of our time, make a very simple and obvious division of the studies in a University course, that will suffice to show their bearing on the work of our manhood. If even that half Pagan, Auguste Comte, allows himself to speak of the hierarchy of the sciences, we may, without suspicion of cant or affectation, compare the range of our studies to a vast temple somewhat like that which Egypt planned and Judæa completed ; a temple with three leading enclosures, and presided over by orders of priests. Two chief priests meet us at the gate of learning, and never leave us at the inmost shrine. These are Mathematics and Language, the two studies that are the conditions of all others, marked from all others by being not so much treasures of knowledge as keys of the whole treasury, — not so much separate sciences as methods of all science, — not so much specimens of reasoning, as masters of reason itself ; in fact, virtually teachers of Logic, doing more for the discipline of thought than the technical manuals of the logical art. The one, Mathematics, is severe and passionless, — pure intellect, without demanding the least throb of emotion or any graces of style ; the other is the organ of human feeling and will, in fact the expressed life of man, and is as much suited to

the study of humanity as Mathematics is suited to the study of nature. The two meet us at the gate of the temple, and go with us through every sphere, up to the highest or inmost shrine, where the student seeks the mercy-seat of Him whose arithmetic and geometry are written out in the eternal heavens, and whose language is the Eternal Word. Thus guided and taught to number and measure, and name and define, we entered the outer court of the temple, the realm of Physics or Cosmology, and there studied nature or the visible universe in the elements and forces of its masses and molecules, winning some knowledge of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, and regretting that we explored so little that other portion of this court now so richly illustrated here to students, the department of Organic Physics, or Physiology, with its preparations from the fields of Natural History. Then we drew near the second apartment of the temple, the sanctuary, and there the study of man opened upon us in various ways, not only in what is technically called Psychology or Mental Philosophy, but in all that illustrates humanity, whether in history, biography, ethics, or in the masterpieces of the representative personages of our race. We probably learned more of man in this latter way than in any other, and we can never be sufficiently grateful to our mother University for acquainting us so fully with the actual thoughts of the great leaders of the human race in their original tongues, and so opening to us the mind, character, and speech of the great historical races that have

made our humanity what it is. Their very names are enough to make the pulse beat quicker, as they assure us that we have had direct personal acquaintance with the providential masters of human thought under their two great leaders, — Homer, the father of old classics, and Dante, the father of our modern literature, the first in time and perhaps first in genius of the illustrious line of authors who have written in the language of modern nations instead of the language of the schools.

One step more was to be taken, one curtain more was to be lifted; for he surely is a novice, and not a master, who has not gone beyond the study of nature and of man, to some knowledge of Him who is Lord of Nature and Father of Men. Theology is the inmost shrine of the temple, to which Physics is the outer court and Psychology is the sanctuary. We have learned something of Theology, and, not speaking now of express theological education, have we not all cause to be grateful that so much wisdom and zeal were devoted to giving us distinct ideas of the being and attributes of God, and of the eternal aims of human life? If Paley or Grotius did not do for our faith all that we asked, the chapel pulpit came nearer the mark, and its faithful ministry was to some of us a greater help than any other department of the University, — leaving impressions that come back to us with every good purpose and earnest prayer. We were crude youths then, not without some share of folly; but who of us had not some sense of the perfections of God, the dignity of duty,

and the reality of divine influence? Heaven's blessing upon our Alma Mater for thus consecrating learning by piety; and let her sons manfully say now and always, that Theology is first of sciences, and Religion is the first of arts. Let them manfully say, that when a petulant sectarianism, or a self-indulgent secularism, shall succeed in driving Theology and Religion from these halls, the name of John Harvard should be erased from the Charter, and the foundations of these old walls should be upturned. It is Theology that created this University, and in fact established in the world the very idea of a University, — that institution at once comprehensive and organic, combining all sciences under one sovereign wisdom. Other sciences give multiplicity, but only Theology gives unity, and makes the many into one. This only can interpret the range and unity of the whole temple, as Bacon has so nobly observed in his immortal Essay on the Advancement of Learning, a copy of which Harvard gave with his other books to this library: "But to those which refer all things to the glory of God, they [the three views of the universe presented by him] are as the three acclamations, 'Sancte, Sancte, Sancte'; holy in the description and dilatation of his works, holy in the connection and concatenation of them, and holy in the union of them in a perpetual and uniform law."

Such was the temple of learning that we frequented here in years gone by, and surely more than once we heard the according voices of the hierarchies of science as they joined in worship of Him

the only true, and study sometimes kindled into adoration. Where is that temple now, or what is our familiarity with its courts? Have the inexorable years that drove us from these halls of learning, driven us from that shrine, and left us to drudge for bread in this working-day world? It surely is not wise to deny that there are some points of painful contrast between the former life of study and the present life of work; not wise to deny that, as early enthusiasm is apt to die out in dull worldliness, so early study is apt to give way to mere business, and neglect the light of first principles for the empiricism of the passing day. Too many of us renounce learning for timeserving expediency, and not a few who were quick at mastering the contents of books for the recitation-room, are utter drones at reading men and things, to make living report of them in timely thoughts and apt deeds. For this frequent falling off from college promise, there is ample occasion, if not ample reason, since in study and in work not only do the materials differ, but also the implements and powers, — not only the *matter*, but the *manner*; the materials in the one case being choice books, and in the other case the world as it is, with its stubborn men and things, — the powers in the one case being mainly the receptive taste and intellect, and in the other case the practical judgment and the aggressive will. But is there any essential antagonism, therefore, between study and work? Nay, does not true work upon actual matter in actual manner complete the student's education, and enable him to work into

reality the truth that he before studied out in idea? Ought not practical usefulness to give point to the lessons of books, and the active judgment and will combine with the taste and intellect to bring out the powers, as well as the truth of things? Truth itself does not become wholly real, nor touch and interpret and master reality, until embodied in virtue; and how profoundly Lord Bacon again observes: "In general and in sum, certain it is that 'veritas' and 'bonitas' differ but as the seal and the print; for truth prints goodness; and they be the clouds of error which descends in the storms of passions and perturbations." Let the earnest scholar accept this idea, and he will find that his working years are printing more clearly the truths of his student years, and that, as he goes on his loyal way, he is ever returning to the studies of his youth, occupying as a master the school that he before visited as a pupil, ministering as a priest where he before listened as a hearer or gazed as a spectator.

As we try to do our work faithfully, and make our own mark upon men and things, do we not find old truths deepening under our active hand, and new substances and powers presenting themselves to be interpreted by first principles? We work indeed upon stubborn material, but resistance develops new powers in us and new qualities in the resisting object, — qualities that are generally more vital and dynamic than the abstractions which we learned in books. The result is, that as we have become active, the actual world, instead of being soulless, reveals

more soul; and instead of losing our ideas in reality, reality shows them in their life and force. Nature, man, nay, God himself, show their powers to us as we touch them with active hand and earnest will, and the working view of the universe is surely the power view, the hidden forces of nature, the interior faculties of man, and the mysterious influence of God revealing themselves only to the active worker.

The true reality, then, is both ideal and actual, not the surrender of the ideal to the actual, but the restoration of the one in the other; and as truth is carried into practice, it interprets itself not only into ideas, but into powers. The true worker, then, instead of being driven from the temple of science, finds himself returning to it with fuller prerogative, and patient obedience wins deepening illumination, as was the case with the devotee whom Jeremy Taylor so eloquently speaks of, who left a sweet vision of God to meet the call of duty, and found the lost vision brightening as the lowly duty was done. The true realism, then, is at once ideal and actual, one reality with its polar diversity. As Coleridge suggests in his *Friend*, are not such men as Plato and Lord Bacon different poles of the same real intellect, the one more ideal, the other more practical, but both needed to exhibit human thought and scientific truth in its completeness? If this is so, then, in our personal development, we may hope in a certain way to repeat that great experience of the ages, and complete our own Platonic period of too dreamy idealism by a Baconian period of solid utility. Then, too, we

may hope in our own way to enjoy something of the great triumph of modern enterprise in ascending to first truths by practical industry, in finding that our science is clearer as our art is more perfect, and our intuitions deepen as our energies rise. How emphatically this position is proved by the effect of active life upon the primal studies, Mathematics and Language! The wonderful science of Calculus has sprung up in the practical school of modern art, and with the effort to measure the heavens and weigh the globes, this mighty method has been invented by the intellects of Newton and Leibnitz, and the new harmonies of numbers transcend the mystic dreams of Pythagoras. The business of the world is constantly making new applications of mathematical science, and carrying forward its principles. The engineer marches in front of the armies alike of war and peace, and industry and enterprise wait upon his word. One of our own mathematicians tells by calculation in a court of law the practical value and working power of a turbine wheel, and shows in a brilliant philosophic paper, that, in the arrangements of their leaves upon the stems, the trees corresponding with the cycles of the planets thus intone celestial numbers and chant the music of the spheres.

Every department of Physics illustrates the power of the actual manner in discovering and developing the truth of things. It is in the *laboratory* or workshop that the hidden properties of matter are made to reveal themselves, and the mysterious affinities of the atoms with the latent forces of light, heat, elec-

tricity, and magnetism appear at the chemist's call. Nature in her masses, as well as her molecules, obeys the same method, and the earth and the heavens need to be studied by the active hand, as well as the open eye.

Language, too, develops its light and warmth under the electric touch of action, and the eloquence that is active never appears in the still air of scholarly seclusion. University life gives the scholar a classic vocabulary and a polished diction, but only the life university can make him an orator. As he feels the spur of necessity, and answers to the sympathy or animosity of the living world, he finds that he can speak with new power from the fulness of his old treasures, and that the words once gathered with such toil now come to him in full play, as the water long and laboriously collected in the reservoirs gushes and sparkles in the fountain. If it is too much to say, with a recent German writer, that the art of thinking is the art of speaking, or that language is thought, it is undoubtedly true that he who is master of language is in a fair way to be master of thought, and needs little more than earnest practice to work his word into power, and make it burn as well as shine, by its fire kindling the human heart as the light of recluse study can never do. In this respect Demosthenes was surely right, and the secret of eloquence is not in mere study, but in living work. It is action, action, action, and a recent author, Theremin, confirming the great Athenian's definition, has rightly called such eloquence

the virtue of the lips. This virtue has power to reveal all other virtue; and only when studied thus, not merely by the spoken, but the acted word, the human heart reveals its treasures, and humanity opens its hidden deeps to the potent spell. Every department of human nature illustrates the same principle, and we know man, not only as we read or think about him, but as we work with him and upon him.

In fact, all generous and fervent occupation recalls and deepens first principles, and every great art, like Newton's Astronomy, writes or thinks out its "Principia" more clearly in the school of action. The old myth that the Muses were daughters of Mnemosyne, beautifully embodies this truth. As the daughters perfect the beautiful arts of music, poetry, eloquence, and the like, do they not, in their ripening intellectual beauty and deepening eye, renew their mother's image, and does not every flash of their inspiration give out the calm, blessed light of the ideal and maternal Memory, holding out its clear guardian ray upon the opening pathway of their buoyant hope? Does not every beautiful art carry us back to the primal source of inspiration, and make us almost believe, what some of the ancients affirmed, that we pre-existed in the primeval wisdom that made all things, and all loyal service restores us to the Eternal Mind in the reason that is the remembrance of his light, and the habit that is the channel of his will?

But why spend many words to prove that work ought to be the realization of study, and that he who

works wisely finds his ideas bearing fruit in deeds, and so returning to him with new life and powers. Does not the highest truth in philosophy and religion fix the principle that the highest or absolute reality cannot be known by thought or study alone, but by work or obedience? The active hand only can bring out the latent heat of nature, and the earnest will only finds the hidden warmth and power of God. God is the absolute being, the eternally True and Good. Who shall know him except by serving him, — serving him in spirit as well as truth, in deed as well as thought? In this view, how suggestive is the remark of Melancthon, — in his noted *Loci Communes*, that had so much to do with guiding the Lutheran Reformation, — that God's Word or Son is the manifestation of his thought, whilst his Spirit is the manifestation of his will; — an idea that certainly has some confirmation from Scripture and its great scholastic expounders. To know the reality of God, then, we must know him as Will as well as Wisdom; as Will, which is his proceeding virtue, as Wisdom is his proceeding intelligence; and the ultimate fact of Christianity and the crowning blessing of the Church, the gift of the Holy Spirit, can be known only by the human will in working harmony with the Divine will. If the Word is opened mostly to the devout student, the Spirit is opened mostly to the devout worker, and he only is the true scholar or disciple who by study and by work knows the living God in the blessed reality of his Word and Spirit. He finds, that as consecrated reason

enters into the universal or Divine reason, so consecrated will enters into the universal or Divine will, and so, by study and by work, the seeker solves the problem of sages, and knows the Infinite and Eternal God.

Such is our doctrine of manly realism in reference to the great object of life ; and, in this view, he is the only realist, the truly practical man, who is at once a student and a worker, uniting ideas with deeds. Our position is thus maintained as to the *object* as well as the *spirit* of life, that manhood is bound to realize the promise of youth.

III. We confirm the same solid and cheerful philosophy by considering the *fellowships* of our youth, or the friendships that brought genial spirits together for common objects, and so favored our pleasure and our studies. Here in youth we studied together, and this last word, "*together*," is more important than any in the sentence. The fact is clear that our influence upon each other was the most characteristic trait of our college life, and in our play, as well as study, we lived and moved in company. On the Delta, play would have been penance without associates ; and in the recitation-room, the lessons would have had no zest without the presence of classmates as well as teachers. May we not believe that the sociality of our youth came not merely from sympathetic feeling, but also from a half-conscious conviction of the truth, which has grown upon us with every year's observation and thought, that individual culture is poor and fragmentary without

social fellowship, and the true humanity is, therefore, not egotistic, but fraternal, — not individualized, but associated? We need not go far into metaphysics to prove that each individual shares in the whole intellectual and moral capital of his associates; for the first principles of our social nature prove the fact. Every citizen, in a manner, owns the whole city, and enjoys its treasures of wisdom and humanity. The jolly sailor rates himself very much according to his ship; and, if she carries seventy-four guns, he considers himself personally as a seventy-four. So, in our day, each of us was as big as the whole class, and, as seventy-two was our number, each Freshman of us regarded himself as a seventy-two; nor did the associate feeling lessen with time. We certainly had a sense of greater wholeness, or of integrating our narrow individualism, by our personal friendships and college associations. From chosen friends we perhaps derived our best private incentives as well as satisfactions, whilst in the ruling public opinion we were led to our usual methods of amusement and discipline. College notions of honor may have been very imperfect, yet they had some elements of true loyalty, and college ideas of fellowship may have been in some respects lax, but they never wholly lost sight of the truth that no man should live for himself alone.

The composition of a single class of seventy or eighty was itself a sufficient study, and the very names of our classmates recall to us now a range of character that makes the catalogue almost a compend

of universal history. Can we not remember in our associates types of mind as strongly marked as the fathers of the old philosophies? Can we not name our Platonist, so ideal and so impractical, ready to discourse on Beauty with Hippias, or on Goodness with Philebus, and quite as ready to lose himself in the misty idealities of the Parmenides, or wreck himself upon quicksands in the specious communism of the Republic? What class had not its keen and utilitarian Aristotle, its severe Zeno, its graceful Epicurus, its doubting Pyrrho, and, last of all, its cynical Diogenes, the model sloven of college, as sure of never wearing a clean shirt on Sunday or a holiday, as of snapping at every pet notion or idol of the hour? Can we not recall surprising contrasts of character, to be found within a few steps of each other, and do not some of us remember two classmates who could easily toss an apple or bandy pleasantry across the bit of green sward between their rooms, who were yet as far from each other in tastes and pursuits as the poles of the globe? The one was a combination of Kean and Wesley, uniting great dramatic power with high religious enthusiasm, believing himself sometimes visited by harping angels, holding prayer-meetings in his room, and, in spite of what was called his excessive pietism, commanding the respect of the whole class, even of the *fast* ones, on the ground that, in college phrase not yet wholly obsolete with us graybeards, he was a downright "good fellow." The other was a kind of Grimaldi Galvani, a marvellous compound of fun and

physics, helping the digestion of the whole class by his comic faces and songs, and instructing us all by his attainments and experiments in natural science, sometimes combining sport and instruction oddly together, as when, returning from sweet Auburn (then our favorite college ramble, and not a consecrated cemetery) in triumph, with a monstrous bull-frog, the patriarch of the sylvan pond, he invited the whole entry to see the application of galvanism to the creature's muscles, and the giant croaker breathed out his life as an offering to science, in a cry that might have enabled Aristophanes to add another and more sonorous stanza to his famous *Παραχορήγημα Βατράχων*,* or concert of frogs.

Not only the study of individual characters, but of their cliques and combinations, is most instructive, and a new era will come in academic education, when the springs of social feeling among students are better understood, and due means are used to assimilate the heterogeneous and sometimes conflicting elements by just ideas and influences. It is a bright day surely that sends into a class a few generous, gifted, high-minded, and brave youths, who are more determined on doing right, than the idlers and profligates are on doing wrong; and, in spite of all obloquy and opposition, they are sure to triumph in

* President Woolsey, when in Athens, went to the ponds near by, to learn whether the Attic frogs still kept the accent of their song in the days of Aristophanes, and found the same old strain:—

Βρεκεκεκέξ κοὰξ κοὰξ,
βρεκεκεκέξ κοὰξ κοὰξ.

Aristoph. *Ranae*, 209, 210.

the end, and to establish that blessed consummation, a sound and ascending public opinion in college, such as puts good scholarship and good fellowship together, and brings the true spirit to bear upon the true object of study. Whatever science or accomplishment is pursued in this temper seems to grow with a kind of charmed life, although not prescribed in the regular course; and those of us who remember the zeal with which the study of modern languages and of extempore speaking was pursued, will need no argument upon the worth and power of free literary companionship. On the whole, may we not safely say, that not only college pleasures, such as belong especially to youth, had their life in congenial fellowship, but all earnest purposes, such as give good promise for manhood, if they did not there originate, found therein the most effectual nurture? But why dwell longer on this theme? Look to these old halls, and to these old friends,—remember, too, the cherished faces no more with us in the world,—and the subject speaks for itself, as we breathe once more the charmed atmosphere of old friendships, pleasures, and studies.

But what is our manhood saying or doing in answer to the fellowship of our youth? Renouncing it for a churlish selfishness or a dogged individualism? Surely not, unless experience of the world is the denial of the best interests of the heart, and the knowledge of the world is the death of the generous affections. There are indeed some causes that tend to isolate and harden the heart when we quit our

early associates, and go out into the world to seek our fortunes. We no longer find ourselves among companions of age and tastes like our own, and perhaps the genial favorite of the whole class finds himself posted in a rustic village, on a frontier settlement, toiling from morning to night for bread. Separation and occupation, with their change of *home* and *habit*, are the two barriers that threaten to shut us out from the pleasant companionship of our youth, and too many allow themselves to be shut up within them. But this should not be so. Separation, instead of bringing indifference, should provoke fresh loyalty; and occupation, instead of bringing drudging monotony, should move a man to cheer his toil by genial affections, and enlarge his narrow walk with all generous co-operation. As we are in danger of being narrowed in our range of sociality, we should deepen our springs of fellow-feeling, and as we are tempted to sink down into the plodding craftsman of a special business, we ought to make this very speciality the reason for integrating our labor by a broader association and a higher fellowship than ever, if not indeed with the same old companions, with others of like spirit and objects. As we go on our own way and do our own work, we see more clearly how much incentive and instruction we leave behind us, and feel the need of supplying their place. Our separate careers or professions, whilst they give us new power and influence, reveal new limitations, and show us, what we begin only to learn in college, that our gifts are but partial, and

we all need each other to make ourselves complete. Ought we not, therefore, as we advance in years, not only to keep alive the geniality of our youth, but to deepen it by a new sense of social need and duty, and so add the friendship of *co-operation* to the old friendship of *congeniality*? Ought not our classmates themselves to be more valuable to us now, with all their varied arts and experience, and we more valuable to them, than when we ate our Commons fare together, or when, with joined hands, stout lungs, and moist eyes, we sang "Auld Lang Syne," as we bade adieu to these old halls? We allow indeed that friendships of mere sentiment are not apt, of themselves, to continue, and the fondest associations of youth fall away unless renewed by active service; classmates, once bosom friends, passing each other with little more than a nod or a word, when no longer brought together by kindred principles or pursuits. Hence the more need of keeping alive the old fellowship by new modes of co-operation, and encouraging community of feeling by community of interests and duties. As the working habits become fixed, and the will, freed from early conflicts, rises into a calm and steadfast sense of duty, under the universal will, ought not our memory in like tranquillity to rise into the higher sense of companionship, under the universal light, and ought not the best years, alike the most kindly and the most fruitful, to come after our meridian? We used to read together in college, in Pindar's second Olympic, of the painless existence, *ἄδουκρον αἰῶνα*, the tearless *æon*

which faithful souls earn for themselves with the gods on high, by toil and virtue.

ἀλλὰ παρὰ μὲν τιμίους
Θεῶν, οἵτινες ἔχαιρον εὐορκίας ἄδακρυν νέμονται
αἰῶνα. Olymp. II. 65 – 67.

To hope for such a blessed consummation in this world may be too much; but is not a true man nearer it at fifty than at twenty? Some one has indeed said that it is best for a man to die at thirty-five, for then he has gone through all pleasures, and has nothing new to enjoy. We cannot say so; and we firmly believe that the best growth of the human heart comes after the fortieth year, under the kindly nurture of home affections and manly fidelity. Ought not our golden age to come to us in the autumn time of golden fruit, with its crowned labors, fixed habits, and loyal memories? And, as the ripe fruit on the tree holds within its ruddy rind the fertile seed, image and offspring of the parent seed, thus filial in its day of glory, and cherishing the spring-time in the harvest, ought not our own autumn thus to cherish and renew the spring-time of our life? No thoughtful man will deny that there is something in faithful work and mature and loyal character that tends to renew and exalt all worthy affections and make the heart younger evermore.

In all that we are saying, we are taking it for granted that lasting good-fellowship must rest upon a ruling idea, and perpetuate itself in some worthy service, or that in other words it must be real in its aim and in its object, or, perhaps we had better say,

in its guiding truth and animating spirit. Man social, like man individual, lives truly when he has light and motive, or eyes to see his object and power to lay hold of it. Seeing and seeking make up his life. Society follows the same laws, and the great fellowships that have ruled the world and still rule it follow this law, and upon their standard state a principle and urge a duty. Every powerful association of men rests upon some vital idea and object, some reality, at once ideal and practical, that moves the living to think and work together, and perpetuates the memory of the dead. Not only empires and priesthoods, but universities prove this position, and old Cambridge, England, and this new Cambridge had their own guiding idea or germinal principle; and a passing glance at the origin of these two influential institutions exemplifies what all philosophy and history teach,—that men enjoy most and achieve most when assimilated by a master idea and object, and all real companionship rests upon a real faith and service. In some respects, what we call the Realism of the New Cambridge contrasts and compares emphatically with that of the old English University, its mother, and the bequest of John Harvard, in 1638, resembles, not only in generosity but in faith, the bequest of Hugh Balsham, that founded the first college house of St. Peters, in Old Cambridge, England, in 1257. In that thirteenth century, in which the great universities of England and the Continent rose from mere schools of private instruction, the old Catholic Realism had reached its

climax ; and, amidst its highest bloom, sagacious eyes might discern the buds of the new culture that were to outgrow its glory. It was the age when the Romish doctrine of the Real Presence in the priestly church and the transubstantiated wafer was taught by its great masters, asserted by its great heroes, and embodied in its great structures ; the age that produced Thomas Aquinas and his *Summa Theologiae*, and St. Louis, peerless soldier of the cross ; the age which canonized St. Francis and St. Dominic almost before their bodies were cold in their graves, and which began to build the York Minster and the Cologne Cathedral ; the age in which England, with her barons, and but two years before her Magna Charta, trembled under the interdict of Rome, and King John licked the dust at the feet of Innocent III. It was the age of the great precursors of the modern thought, that was to supplant the old Realism by the new ; the age of Roger Bacon, the father of modern science, and Dante Alighieri, the father of modern literature. Old Cambridge was founded by Hugh Balsham, afterwards Bishop of Ely, in full faith in the Catholic Church, whilst she was, probably, without the knowledge of her masters, cherishing seeds of the new life ; and the resolutions of honor to the founder, shortly after his death, show well the grounds of fellowship among those ascetic scholars. The University in full assembly decreed, May 26, 1291, that on the eve of Saints Vitus and Modestus there should be annually a solemn congregation of all the Regents, to pray for the soul of the Lord Hugh.

Those prayers for the dead on saints' days came from the heart of the Catholic Church, and stand in broad contrast with the new times and the new University. We may be, in many respects, wiser than those devout scholars ; but we cannot claim to have better feelings than they, nor can we help, in some respects, contrasting the unity of spirit and object in those days with the discords of our time.

Two dates very near each other, and coming more than three centuries after Hugh Balsham's gift, mark the powers that ruled the birth and fortunes of this new Cambridge. In 1575, Francis Bacon, a lad of fifteen, after two years of residence, left Trinity College, Cambridge, in disgust with the state of learning, especially of scientific studies, to seek more light in foreign parts ; and, nine years afterward, in 1584, Sir Walter Mildmay, an English Puritan, founded Emanuel College at Cambridge, telling Queen Elizabeth, who rallied him upon his Puritanism, that, whilst he would countenance nothing contrary to her established laws, he had set an acorn, "and when it becomes an oak, God alone knows what will be the fruit thereof." Of this acorn, John Harvard and our Harvard College were fruits, — the fruits of English Puritanism, on soil which the invention of Gutenberg, the discovery of Columbus, and the reformation of Luther and Calvin, had done so much to prepare. Harvard was educated at Emanuel College, and had no less noted compeers at the University than Jeremy Taylor and John Milton, — those paragons of their time, so like and so unlike, the one

the dove of the English Church, so fond of nestling, with his golden and purple plumage, under the shadow of the sanctuary; the other, that eagle of song, so impatient of all enclosures, and panting for the mountain and the cloud. In his library, which he bequeathed to Harvard College, besides the treasures from the Greek and Latin classics, and the Christian fathers, Harvard brought two authors, who have been, perhaps, more than any others, the founders of what is peculiar in the thought of modern Christendom, and surely of our New England, — John Calvin, the chief champion of the new divinity, and Francis Bacon, the chief champion of the new science, — the one the apostle of the new theocracy, the other the master of the new humanism. These two personages represent the tendencies, the Puritan zeal, and the worldly thrift, that so signally combined to distinguish modern from mediæval England, the Puritan element predominating under Cromwell, the secular element under William and Mary, and a tolerable compromise being brought about between the two by the prevailing policy of the English Church, which aims to be at once sacred and secular, and shrewdly mediate between both worlds. The history of New England, and especially of Harvard College, turns upon the struggle between the two tendencies thus represented, — the theocratic and the humanistic; in the first century the theocratic element prevailing, in the second century the scales oscillating between the two, and in this nineteenth century the humanistic or secular tendencies predominating, until now

the institution that was at first, and for many years, but a school for educating ministers, is pre-eminent for its physical science, classic learning, and secular schools and accomplishments, — theology, notwithstanding its masterly teachers, holding a divided, if not a secondary place. We will not quarrel with what has been inevitable, nor sigh for the days when the theocratic word of Increase Mather and his son Cotton, with increasing prerogative, passed for law and gospel. We no more wish to bring back President Increase Mather, the first Doctor of Divinity ever made here, than old England wishes to bring back Humphrey Necton, the Carmelite friar, who received, in 1269, the first doctorate of divinity ever conferred by old Cambridge.* We welcome the new science, yet ask with it for a true sense of the ancient faith, and if Bacon has triumphed by leading us to the realities of nature, and if the best modern physics declares, with Agassiz, in his masterly essay on Classification, that there is a spirit in nature, and genera and species are real creatures of God, not figments of circumstance, nor guesses of man, we ought to be in a better condition for discerning the higher realities of God, and Calvin's austerity should not hide from

* Thomas Fuller, in his charming *History of Cambridge*, records the Latin lines that celebrated Humphrey Necton's honors, and Leland thus translates them: —

“Above the skies, let's Humphrey Necton praise,
For on him first, Cambridge conferred the bays.”

The original stands thus: —

“*Laudibus Humphredum Necton Astra feremus,
Qui data Grantanæ laurea prima scholæ.*”

us the great truth, more important and central in his pages than any of his harsh dogmas, that the soul of man may and should enjoy the real presence of the Spirit, and that life is death until this presence is known. To vindicate this conviction, and maintain the spiritual element in the social polity, has been the aim of earnest thinkers among our alumni in every age; and, in some respects, the new school of theologians, since Buckminster and Channing, have taken sides with the Mathers and the old theocratic party, so far as arraiguing the materialism of the age is concerned, and asserting the sovereignty of God over man. Our Harvard theologians, whatever their creed and name, and all creeds and all names we number among our alumni, should think their triumph a defeat, if, in assailing theocratic pretensions, they destroy Christian faith, and, in their opposition to the Pharisaism that cares for the mint, anise, and cumin, play into the hands of the Sadducism that cares most for the loaves and the fishes, and so substitutes the insolence of worldly prosperity for the insolence of sanctimonious zeal. The true religion must interpose between the theocrats and the secularists, harmonize the missions of Calvin and Bacon, Edwards and Franklin, Channing and Webster, and place spiritual ideas in due relations with the facts of nature and the institutions of humanity, by methods as winning and effective in action, as wise and earnest in principle. Our Harvard school of thought surely needs a helper to this end, and an unsatisfactory secularism that provokes an equally unsatisfactory

radicalism is likely to rule so long as the organizing forces of society and letters are left to worldly interests, and theology and religion are given over mainly to the speculative intellect, their noble ideas allowed indeed to range at will through the air, without being fixed upon the earth in solid deeds and institutions. We are well aware that this state of things is necessary, but only, we trust, as a transitional stage. The old Catholic fellowship could not continue; and the spiritual power, quarrelling with science and humanity, justly found itself excommunicated by them in the attempt to excommunicate them. The quarrel, however, was not because of the war of religion with science and humanity, but because of the usurpations of the priesthood; and a better age must surely heal the breach, and reconcile the spiritual and temporal ideas and powers.

Even good-fellowship languishes in the absence of this higher Realism, as has been and is plainly shown in the feuds and asperities of so many earnest thinkers among us who ought to be brethren. The very animosities of our radicals, that sometimes have seemed to us to partake more of the curses from the Jacobin Mountain than of the blessings of the Galilean Mount, have at heart a certain depth of conviction and a nobleness of aim, more, we trust, like the theocratic harshness of the old Puritans, than the unbridled hates of the new Terrorists. Something is surely wrong, however, at the fountain-head, if not of our thinking, surely of our social methods; and we may be certain that the springs of genial com-

panionship will be filled anew when we learn to work together from higher convictions, and upon a broader platform. The principle of assimilation should be sought from above, not from below ; and only the love that is of God has ever had power to reconcile characters so marked as those that are often antagonists among us, and to subdue the harshness of a strong but narrow individualism to the catholicity of a genuine manhood. The poorest of all intolerance is that which is impatient of diversities of character, and tries to make enemies of gifted men, who, in spite of their radicalism or conservatism, ought to be warm friends, and combine their various qualities like the colors of the prism, that blend in a single ray of white and blessed light. Ill fares our culture, and even what we may choose to call our humanities, without a positive faith and organic method, and we shall feel a higher enthusiasm for letters as we accept more devoutly the reality of religion, as it speaks to us in its own authority and blessedness as to our fathers. Why may we not, without renouncing any of our new light, but from larger liberty and better insight, repeat loyally the old watchword on our College seal, "Christo et Ecclesiae ;" — "Christo," to Christ, in whom the reality of God's Word was manifest in living union with man ; "Ecclesiae," to the Church, the company of faithful souls, in whom the reality of God's Spirit is shown in living fellowship with men.

This faith has made what, in the best sense, we call humanity ; and through its progress men have drawn

nearer each other as they have drawn nearer God. It has brought new geniality, as well as strength, to the homes and hearts of the people, and given scholars a unity unknown in the old Attic and Roman times. Compare the exquisite odes of Horace, which this charming pet of courtiers wrote to such near friends as Mecænas, Postumus, and Torquatus, with the hymns that Ambrose, a braver Roman and the master of kings, composed alike for prince and peasant, and how much nobler and more cheering is the strain which invokes the Eternal Spirit to lift us above the power of time and death, that threaten all earthly ties! As we review our friendships to-day, we ask not to sing, with Horace to Postumus, —

“Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectæ
Afferet indomitæque morti.”

Nor to mourn with him as he writes to Torquatus, —

“Immortalia ne speres monet annus et alium
Quæ rapit hora diem.”

Let us join, rather, in the morning hymn with which Ambrose, the ruder Latinist indeed, but the greater man, hailed the dayspring, as it broke upon the pagan darkness, and still cheers our day : —

“Venusque sol illabere
Micans nitore perpeti
Jubarque sancti spiritus
Infunde nostris sensibus.”

If such thoughts as these, which bring the solemn names of Hugh Balsham, Catholic Bishop of Ely, and

John Harvard, Puritan minister of Charlestown, together, and urge the sacred mission of our University as a school of morals and religion, as well as science and letters, may seem too grave for this festive occasion, let us remember that nothing unites men together so much as the recognition and service of a sacred cause, and they who are the bravest comrades in arms are ever the most jovial companions at table. What can be more cheering and harmonizing to us as graduates, than a due sense of the plain fact of history, that this institution is the child of God's providence, and the ages have been combining to enlarge its heritage and to urge its duty. The old Catholicism, with its external universality, and the old Puritanism, with its internal throne, have bequeathed to us their treasures by right of our lineage, and we are false to our birthright if we in any way, either by a narrow pietism, or a lax and insolent materialism, forsake the comprehensiveness and the purity which they sought in their way. Accept the high commission, and if sometimes, as we note the marvellous progress of the new arts and sciences, and see physics and political economy so enlarging their domains and combining their forces, and almost threatening to build up a papacy of naturalism with a god of bread, and a priesthood of pence, and a ritual of luxury, we are impatient for the rise of a devout, enlightened, and constructive mind, who shall do for the new learning what the ancient faith did for the old, and so build up the new City of God, we may take comfort in remembering the gradual progress of the former

civilization, and perhaps believe that the task of construction lingers, not because the harmonizing spirit is wanting, but because the materials are still gathering for the edifice, and the great structure must not be built till the stones are ready and the plans matured. Here to-day, however, we can have a cheering glimpse of its proportions, and refresh our fellowship by a prospect of its fitness and grandeur. Here to-day we base our fellowship upon the true Harvard Catholicity, — larger than Roman ritualism and Genevan legalism, — the Catholicity that accepts all truth as God's, and claims it for his service. To-day we do not dash, but quicken our joy by owning together the highest principles, and, as we walk through these groves and look upon these halls and spires, we readily bring our treasures of science and letters before the mercy-seat, and cheer and exalt our fellowship by the solid Realism that combines science, humanity, and religion under the same Word and Spirit, and calls us to mastery over nature, fraternity with men, and dependence upon God. So we sit down in the sanctuary together, and chant our "Sancte, Sancte, Sancte," as we read in those three parts of the great temple the diverse, yet according books of nature, man, and God, — three books, but one truth, as in the "Veritas" of our first College seal. Put the two seals, "Christo et Ecclesiae" and "Veritas," on different sides of the same banner, and Harvard has a standard worthy of her history and her destiny. This is surely better than the military flag, under which we once marched

through the streets of Cambridge, with "Marti et Mercurio" on the silken folds. The inscription "Christo et Ecclesiae" better than any other may declare the spirit of our fellowship, and the word "Veritas," covering three books, best expresses the largeness of our objects; for to us they mean the books of Nature, Humanity, and Divinity. What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.

This high allegiance to the mission of the University gives us new interest in its history and prospects, reviving, with practical aims, the memory of the lives and services of our brother Alumni, whose work we are bound to continue. They have labored, and we have entered into their labors. We are all beneficiaries, and, whether rich or poor, we have never paid back the good that we have received. Nothing can better stimulate us and our sons, in these days of large privilege and ready luxury, than a living sense of the zeal and sacrifice given to this institution by its great benefactors, and of the need of seeking, in a higher sense of responsibility, the tonic energy which they found in hardship and conflict and poverty. Let the great company of our brethren pass before us in solemn procession, nor let us refuse to be as hospitable in heart as our Triennial Catalogue is hospitable in word, and let us number the dead and the living together here. A very simple statement of fact helps us to marshal the whole body of the Alumni together in one company under three divisions. The lives of three men exhaust the history of Harvard University, and em-

brace the seven and a half generations, from 1636 to 1860, a period of two hundred and twenty-four years. Three lives, bearing date thus: William Hubbard, of the class of 1642 (the first of the graduated classes), was born in 1621, and died in 1704, aged eighty-three; Nathaniel Appleton, of the class of 1712, was born in 1693, and died in 1784, aged ninety-one; and Josiah Quincy, of the class of 1790, was born in 1772, and, Heaven be praised, he is with us here to day in his eighty-ninth year. These three lives, like three links of a chain, interlock with each other, and the middle link is all that is wanting to connect us with the contemporaries of Harvard. Josiah Quincy, when a boy of twelve, could have known Nathaniel Appleton, and Nathaniel Appleton, when a boy of thirteen, could have known William Hubbard, and William Hubbard was contemporary with our founder, being seventeen years old when Harvard died. Speak these three names together now, and let the centuries of graduates march behind them as behind centurions. William Hubbard! advance the seventeenth century, with its Puritan strictness and heroism. Nathaniel Appleton! forward the eighteenth century, with its bolder thinking and larger empire. Josiah Quincy! here we are, and his venerable name leads this, our nineteenth century of graduates, with its broader knowledge and finer culture. God grant that they who follow may be worthy of such leaders. If we follow our academic fathers worthily, shall we not find our fraternal interest in each other increasing as our zeal

for sound letters increases, and may not this association of Alumni, instead of being merely a social, be also a working body, as is the case with the graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, who have a voice in the University Senate, and an influence upon the whole arrangement of the institution? It is very obvious, that, instead of being turned adrift, to forget our Alma Mater and be forgotten by her, her sons should be more valuable to her after their graduation, and the funds of the institution, and the state of opinion among undergraduates, would be vastly helped by the rise of a new and more active fellowship of the Alumni. Better sense of our common heritage, too, will rise with better conviction of our own duty, and we must enjoy more as we do more together, or be more genial companions in wit, as we are more loyal comrades in service.

The work done by our brethren during these centuries might well make us proud, were it not that it so urges fidelity and rebukes our sluggishness. The mind of our Harvard has never ceased to wield a leading influence on our American letters, and without enumerating its achievements in the learned professions, and in the arts and sciences connected with them, without dwelling upon the names of those of our brethren who have occupied places of power in state and nation, court, school, and church, judges, governors, presidents, legislators, ambassadors, ministers, masters in every worthy science and art, it is enough to name a single branch of liberal culture in which our brethren have led, and perhaps

still lead, the literature of the nation. I mean the use of the English tongue in its purity, beauty, and force. Our University has been the mother of our American prose, and in this she has been queen of the art most useful and most beautiful. It is said by that original and perhaps somewhat enthusiastic thinker, Lasaulx, of Munich, in a volume just from the press, that among all the beautiful arts, whether the plastic arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting, or the vocal arts of music, poetry, and eloquence, the last stands first in honor and in importance, and "the world of free prose speech is as large as the world of human thought itself." Now surely the masters of American prose have come from these halls of study, and for nearly a century from its origin Harvard College embodied all the literature of the land, whilst, perhaps, in this nineteenth century of enlarged culture, she has given to the nation, from her own graduates, a large, if not the largest, number of the principal classic prose-writers, and welcomed to her honors the chief authors from other schools. Her sons have created the rich school of American History; and if we to-day throw a fresh chaplet on Prescott's recent grave, and name with him some ten or twelve of our graduates, from the days of Hubbard, Belknap, and Holmes to those of Sparks, Bancroft, Palfrey, and Motley, we have, with few exceptions, — Washington Irving chief of these, — exhausted the list of leading American historians. Honor to these our brethren, not only for the learning and eloquence, but for the large and hopeful hu-

manity, which they have expressed in diction from this old well of English pure and undefiled. Honor to them and all others, whether in prose or verse, who share their fame and their inspiration. The water from this sparkling fountain, whenever, from any book or speech, it touches our lips, should refresh our old fellowship, and quicken braver purposes, as well as more genial affections. Let our new Alumni Hall be built as if over this perennial well, and when, from year to year, we meet together, let the speech of our brethren, like a sparkling cup, pledge us anew to each other, to our founders, and to all friends of man and God. Call the spring our Castalia; nay, call it our Siloa, and thank God that here, as, in the Providential course of ages, the Greek and Roman culture have bowed to the Christian faith, and the words of classic beauty have caught the spirit of the Word of Eternal Truth.

In this temper we survey our past and cheer on our future, devoutly acknowledging the line of Providential agencies that has led us from small beginnings to this day of unequalled prosperity and hope. Cuvier tells us, in his *Eloge* on the naturalist Adanson, that this great explorer of nature, who was once so poor as to have no shoes to attend the French Institute after his election, asked, in his will, that a wreath might be laid upon his coffin, composed from the fifty-eight families of plants established in botany by him. We do not read of any flowers being put upon Harvard's coffin, when, in September, 1638, the stern Puritans laid the wasted scholar

in his early grave. But the grateful centuries have paid, and are paying, a kindlier tribute; and the fair flower and rich fruit of more than two hundred harvests of manly culture, more than two hundred families of plants, have made his name fragrant throughout the world, and his little vineyard has been a broad and fruitful garden of God. In the beautiful language of Gilman, whose loyal and venerable head we do not see here now, as three years ago, we may point to the humble Colony school that rose on these grounds, as the first growth of Harvard's goodly seed, and rejoice in the magnificent increase with every succeeding year: —

“O Relic and Type of our Ancestors' worth,
That hast long kept their memory warm!
First flower of their wilderness! Star of their night!
Calm rising through change and through storm!”

Grateful to Harvard and the noble line of our benefactors, we thus meditate upon the graduate's return, and try to speak in words the blessing that we have received in deeds. In this spirit, at once serious and cheerful, we, the Alumni of Harvard, join for the first time in the inauguration of our President. It is easy to salute you, our brother, as head of the University to-day, for you are identified with all our best academic associations. You guided our first studies, and every line of old Homer speaks to us your name, and your frequent mercy as well as constant judgment. From year to year, your kindly face has renewed the welcome, and we feel that you are one of us, and your honor is ours. You

may depend upon our fidelity in whatever concerns the welfare of the University, and the sacredness of its charter and laws. A single word from you will bring us all to your side, even if we travel on foot over the roads, and ford or swim the rivers on our way. We, your brethren, greet you, our President, and commend you to God's blessing. As we do so, we recall, with filial reverence, the illustrious line of scholars who have occupied the chair before you, from Dunster's day to this. We rise up to name with honor those of that line who are with us still: James Walker, Jared Sparks, Edward Everett, Josiah Quincy, — in themselves a host, their simple names to us sufficient titles both of honor and affection. In such presence we are one fellowship to-day, and, with Dunster's tomb here at our side, and with Harvard's monument almost in sight, we may join hand in hand, with one voice lifting to the mercy-seat the *Non nobis, Domine*, of our fathers, — not unto us, not unto us, but unto God, give the glory.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS,

BY

PRESIDENT FELTON.

A D D R E S S .

MY FRIENDS AND FELLOW-STUDENTS : —

I have accepted the office of President of this ancient University, not ignorant of its labors, nor inexperienced in its anxieties. The men who have preceded me — the illustrious dead, who rest in yonder churchyard, or under the peaceful shades of Mount Auburn, — the eminent and beloved among the living, who, having retired from this scene of duty, adorn, by their inspiring presence, this day — have established a standard of official labor and responsibility, which may well give pause to any man called to succeed them. I dare not compare myself with them. The Honorable President, Mr. Quincy, who offered me the first appointment I ever held in the University, thirty-one years ago, still lives, in a frosty but kindly age, and year after year honors with his welcome countenance and vigorous speech our academic festivities. His successor, the bright, consummate flower of American scholarship and eloquence, in the rich maturity of his splendid genius, rests for the day from his public toils. The eminent historian, with whose faithful researches and

masterly works the name and fame of Washington are indissolubly connected, cheers us with his benignant kindness. My immediate predecessor, the clear and profound thinker, the philosopher and divine, the unrivalled master of sacred eloquence, who so lately held this seat and bore these cares, comes to witness the ceremonies, happy, doubtless, that he is released from the burden of the office which he crowned with so much success and dignity. They have, one and all, left their footprints in our academic retreats, which I pray God I may be able to follow, though it must needs be with unequal steps.

I am happy that the ceremony of inauguration is associated with the festival of the Alumni. By the organization of our American colleges, the body of the graduates have but a slight connection with the University after they have once been dismissed from Alma Mater's immediate care. They bear no official relations to the University, and have no direct influence over its affairs. I wish it were otherwise here, for Harvard University is properly represented, not only by those who are engaged for the moment in the studies of the place, but by the great body of educated men, who have gone forth into the world, and are filling their several posts of duty, labor, and dignity; who are busied in the practical affairs of life, in the professions, in science and letters; the lawyers, physicians, clergymen, scholars, statesmen, and orators. The undergraduates are the bright and promising spring, without which there

could be no summer and autumn; but the graduates are the summer and autumn, with ripening fruits and gathered harvests.

On this occasion you will not expect from me any elaborate discussion of theories of education; I appear before you, to-day, with no new views to offer. I am not a new man here. I am the oldest inhabitant. I believe not one man, — no, not one, — holding office in any department of the University, when I returned, after an absence of two years, is now in active academical duty. In the immediate government of the College, my associates are, with few exceptions, men who have been my pupils; without exception, men to whom I have been attached by the ties of a friendship which has never been interrupted by a passing cloud. Had my personal wishes been gratified, I should have been left to the cultivation of Grecian letters, and the studies of the professorship in which I have passed so many happy years. When St. Basil, having long resided in the society of the students and philosophers of Athens, was called by the duties of life to leave those classic scenes, he departed with lamentations and tears. More fortunate than St. Basil, I am permitted to remain. I shall not desert the academic grove; the voice of the Bema and the Dionysiac theatre still ring in my ears with all their enchantments. Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes, — I shall not part company with you yet. Helicon and Parnassus, which my feet have trodden literally as well as figuratively, are consecrated names. Hymet-

tus still yields his honeyed stores, and the Cephissus and Ilissus still murmur with the thronging memories of the past. I resign my former duties to younger and more vigorous hands; but my excellent friend and successor I know will allow me to haunt his lecture-room, even to that period of life when I shall be like the chorus in the Agamemnon, who

Φυλλάδος ἦδη
Κατακαρφομένης. τρίποδας μὲν ὁδοῦς
Στείχει, παιδὺς δ' οὐδὲν ἀρείον
"Ὅναρ ἡμερόφαντον ἀλαίνει.

“ When hoary Eld, in sere and yellow leaf,
Walks his triple-footed way;
Nor stronger than a child
Wanders — a vision in the light of day.”

Brethren, we stand here to-day as the representatives of the oldest University on the American continent. Our Puritan ancestors brought with them, from Oxford and Cambridge, the scholarship of England. They were among the best educated men of their times. They were among the noblest men of all times. If their memories ever cease to be honored here, — if, among the changes that advancing years are always making in the opinions and works of men, the names of the Puritan fathers shall ever be scorned or forgotten here, — the smile of Heaven shall no longer rest upon us, and these fair structures, now crowded by studious youth, and visited by the light of unexampled prosperity, shall crumble to the earth, blighted with the curse of God. John Harvard, whose honored name the University bears, was a Cambridge man, and the name of the place,

Newtown, was early changed to Cambridge, — *Can-
tabrigia Nov. Anglorum*, — Cambridge of the New-
Englishmen. Harvard College became the corpo-
rate designation, and the University at Cambridge
its descriptive synonyme. A seal, bearing the motto
“VERITAS,” was adopted in 1643, but the one
now commonly used, with the motto “Christo et
Ecclesiae,” was introduced at a later and uncertain
date. The earliest degrees were conferred by the
President, with the sanction of the *Honorandi Viri*
and *Reverendi Presbyteri*, upon the *Juvenes quos scio,
tam doctrina quam moribus idoneos esse, pro more
Academiarum in Anglia*, according to the usages of
the Universities in England. Indeed, the early so-
ciety of New England generally was organized upon
the social principles of Old England.

The precedence yielded to rank, the privileges,
exemptions, and honors conceded to esquires and
knights (there were few of higher rank among the
Puritan aristocracy), would astonish and offend this
easy-mannered age. These social views were shared
by the scholars and governors of the infant College.
In the class-room and chapel the scholars sat accord-
ing to the acknowledged rank of their fathers. It is
ordered by the earlier laws, that “*scholarium quis-
que donec primo gradu ornetur, ni sit commensalis
aut nobilis alicujus filius, aut militis primogenitus,
suo tantum cognomine vocatur*,” — “Let every schol-
ar, until he receives his first degree, be called only by
his surname, unless he be a fellow-commoner, or the
eldest son of a knight or nobleman.” Some of the

ancient laws are more applicable to the present time than the one I have just quoted. For example, "they [the scholars] shall honor as their parents, magistrates, elders, tutors, and aged persons, by being silent in their presence, except they be called on to answer, not gainsaying, showing all those laudable expressions of honor and reverence in their presence that are in use, as bowing before them, standing uncovered, or the like."

"They shall be slow to speak, and eschew not only oaths, lies, and uncertain rumors, but likewise all idle, bitter scoffing, frothy, wanton words, and offensive gestures."

The following brief rule has a much wider application than to the scholars of a college: "None shall pragmatically intrude or intermeddle in other men's affairs;" and there is a Latin law, which was by no means a dead letter, though in what was called a dead language: "*Si quis scholarium, ullam Dei et hujus collegii legem sive animo perverso, seu ex supina negligentia, violarit, postquam fuerit bis admonitus, si non adultus, virgis coerceatur,*" — "If any of the scholars, from a perverse mind or supine negligence, shall violate any law of God and of this College, after he has been twice reprov'd, if not adult, let him be scourged with rods."

I forbear to make any application, — scholars now are all adults.

I must quote one more, as a law greatly needed everywhere: "No scholar shall taste tobacco, unless permitted by the President, with the consent of their

parents or guardians, or on good reason first given by a physician, and then in a sober and private manner." Begging pardon of my numerous smoking friends, — and no man has more or better, whether as friends or smokers, — I can only say that, if the scholars "tasting tobacco" depended upon the permission of the President now, cigars, pipes, snuff, and every other form of the abomination, would quickly disappear from the College premises. But alas! the smoke of tobacco, like the smoke of sacrifice offered to idols among the ancient heathen, has led the generation of men astray, and the breath of human nostrils goes up to heaven, — if, indeed, it goes there at all, — *ἐλίσσομένη περὶ καπνῷ*.

I must not dwell on these characteristics of the past. The history of the University has been admirably written by Mr. Peirce, once Librarian, by Mr. Eliot, formerly the Treasurer, and, more fully, by my venerable predecessor, President Quincy. I will only remark, that every record of the proceedings of our ancestors in relation to the establishment, shows that they had large and liberal purposes. They aimed to educate a learned clergy; but not that alone. The general education of the people was embraced in the scope of their enlightened plans, and they included in their idea of a scheme of general education the general principles of the highest possible education. The University was upreared side by side with the School-house, as an indispensable part of the instrumentalities of civilization. They built up a state which they resolved should be a Christian state,

but their conception of a Christian state included the widest range of human learning. They were no fanatics of a single, narrow idea. They were men of piety, but not an ignorant piety. They thought the chief end of man was to glorify God, but they would glorify him by unfolding, to the highest possible extent, the faculties of the human soul, which He created in his own image. We smile as we read some of the formal and ceremonious requirements of the earliest College laws. Manners change in external manifestations from age to age; but the basis of good manners, respect for the rights of others, modest estimate of self, honorable submission to established laws, deference to venerable age, illustrious character, and official station, reverence for sacred things, — these are the foundation of the manners of gentlemen everywhere and in all times. Our ancestors had this in view in their rules of order, however quaintly expressed, and they were wise men in requiring of the academic youth good manners as well as good morals, — the minor morals as well as the greater morals. And I am glad to say that, though many of the ancient ceremonial observances have passed away in the course of time, the spirit of our rules remains the same; the object, namely, to train up Christians and gentlemen, remains the same. I will venture to affirm, in no boastful spirit, but with devout thankfulness, that the object has been in good measure accomplished in these academic retreats. No one can be more conscious than I am, that young men, during the period of their University life, are often

restless under college rules, and take it ill that they are called to account for the violation of what they are sometimes pleased to consider petty restrictions. I have entire confidence in the honor of the great mass of students. [At this moment, the venerable Ex-President Quincy entered, leaning upon the arm of his son, and took a seat with the other three Ex-Presidents, on the stage. He was received with repeated and prolonged applause. When they ceased, the speaker resumed.] I was speaking, Mr. President Quincy, of the faults and virtues of College students. No one has had a more thorough knowledge of both than you. No one can judge them more truly, — no one will judge them more gently. I was about to say that I believe no body of young men are, in the mass, more truthful and magnanimous. I have nowhere met persons more gentleman-like, better bred, better behaved, or with better purposes, on the whole. Yet I must say that those speculative gentlemen, who maintain that the rules of order which students are required to observe within the College premises are superfluous, know but little of human nature or student nature, which is a modification of the same thing. Bring four or five hundred persons, young, middle-aged, or old, learned or ignorant, pious or impious, or even angels, together without laws, and a superior power to enforce them, without rules of order, and the authority to require their observance, and, in a month, these quiet and studious scenes would become a pandemonium. A lady may now pass, unattended, at

any hour, through the College grounds, secure from seeing or hearing anything to alarm or offend her. Mothers never need to warn their daughters not to cross the College precincts, day or night, for the spirit of the place is such that maiden delicacy has never been wounded, by word or act, within these hallowed grounds. Take off the restraints — which some young men think so grievous, and justify themselves in striving to resist — for a month only, and the Faculty would receive a petition, unanimously signed, to restore them all, if not to make them more rigorous than before. Law is the only condition of society, — much more, civilized society. A state where every man does what is right in his own eyes, that is, has no restraining power to check his whims and passions, is not a state in which progress can be made. Homer understood that well, when he described the lawless, one-eyed Cyclops, — *ἀθεμίστια εἰδώς*, — and his shaggy brethren of the mountains and caves, — fit companions of the beasts that perish. The laws necessary to establishments of learning vary, in form and in details, according to circumstances. I think our University owes no inconsiderable part of the great influence it has exercised upon society to the fact that, while it has remodelled the special forms of its laws and orders when the spirit of the age required, it has always enforced, not only the moral law in its highest sense, but the minor morals, which are the manners of gentlemen.

There is a saying of ancient wisdom, that he best

knows how to rule who has learned how to obey. Submission to the law is the best discipline for the august task of making and administering the laws. To the American, more than to any other, the early lessons of obedience are needful. Our only security is in the law, and in ready and intelligent obedience to its sovereignty. It was a noble sentence of Plato, that the magistrate is not the servant of the people, but the servant of the LAW. An opposite view has taken too strong a hold upon our heady Demos. All men and all things are supposed to be subjected to the shifting gales of the popular will. But law is the expression of Eternal Right, beyond the reach of the caprice of the moment. It is, in its highest form, the voice of God. "The laws from Jove," — *θέμιστες πρὸς Διός*, — is a phrase of Homer, who knew all the profoundest truths of human experience. Education includes this obedience to law as one of its vital elements. To leave the young without this influence is more dangerous among us than in other countries, because in no other country has the citizen, on attaining his majority, so direct an agency in the affairs of government. The three years of academical freedom (the *Academische Freiheit*) of the German University are not so dangerous as they would be here, because the moment the Bursch takes his degree, he falls for life under a rigorous system, against which it would be vain for him to struggle; his daily bread depends upon his daily obedience. And yet, even in Germany, a growing sense of its evils is beginning to manifest itself.

When I explained to some of the learned men on the Continent the college system generally prevalent in America, by which students at the University are held to the daily performance of their duties, — duties which they cannot go far in neglecting, without being called to account, and that, too, during the four years of college study, until the young men reach the average age of twenty-one, — they agreed that our system was much better than theirs, and one of them, raising his hands, exclaimed, “Would to God we had it here!” Our danger is routine; theirs is license. On each side, the special danger is vividly felt, and the special advantage of the other clearly perceived. We sometimes give too strong a preference to the German University system; they are sensitive to its peculiar evils, and perhaps exaggerate the advantages of ours. A system which should unite the excellences of both, would come as near perfection as a human institution can attain.

And this leads me to a topic on which I feel it my duty to say a word. I am aware that some have fancied that the law of the State cannot cross the boundary-lines of the College premises, whatever deeds may be perpetrated there. I shall speak my mind frankly, because I think the time has come when the subject should, once for all, and in the most public manner, be set in its true light. In a well-ordered society, when crime has been committed, the public law steps in to vindicate its supremacy, and citizens of every grade and calling stand before its dread tribunal on the footing of exact equality. No

fear or favor, or personal solicitations, can set aside its stern decree, or abate the penalties it inflicts on the doers of evil deeds. I know of no power in the College, or the State, which can make an exception here, or can establish a refuge for crime in these grounds. The Faculty, Corporation, and Overseers combined could not arrest, for a moment, the footsteps of justice, pursuing the offender into the College domains. There is no right of asylum for wrong and violence near the altars of learning and religion. It is to the honor of our students, that the cases of offence are so few and far apart that the very memory of one dies out before another occurs; and when one does occur, both the act and its legal consequences come upon them with surprise. The course of the law strikes them as a novelty, which they sometimes vehemently resent. And then we hear, from many quarters, that we are a paternal government, and that sounding phrase is considered argument enough to condemn the most indispensable course of well-considered action. A paternal government! The Austrian and Russian despotisms are paternal governments. That cannot be what is meant. It is the family government, perhaps, to which they refer. What family government ever shielded its members from the penalties of violated law? What father ever had the power or the right to protect his son from the officers of justice, even if it was the paternal mansion itself which the reckless youth had burned to the ground? Family government! I suppose the thing somewhere exists. I know the art, in former

times, was understood; but there is a figure of speech which the grammarians denominate catachresis, and which young men at college sometimes wittily employ when they call their fathers "the Governors,"—*ut lucus a non lucendo*. There is a story told of a discussion in a social circle of students at Cambridge, not here, but in England, on the interesting subject of their "Governors,"—when one, more filial than the rest, tried to check the petulance of his comrades by saying, "After all, let us remember that they are our fellow-creatures." That kind of paternal government, the government of those "Governors," we do not think is the best possible government for an American University. I take it upon me to say,—and I say it not as a new thing, but as a matter both of common sense and common law,—that these grounds, consecrated to learning and piety,—these buildings, that so many generations have inhabited,—this property, the charities of our ancestors and our contemporaries, dedicated to science, letters, education, and to the worship of Almighty God,—all these enjoy the protection of the law. No man shall lay the hand of violence on these sacred trusts. High privileges, secured by the gifts of generous and pious men, are no excuse for midnight outrage and barbarous violence. He who forgets the dignity of his position as a student, his obligations as a gentleman, his honor as a man, and sets the laws of the land at defiance, runs the same hazard as any other man, either of detection in the act, or of conviction and all its con-

sequences afterward. Crime is no more a joke within the College walls than it is without, and the false idea that it is so I denounce as a dishonest and corrupting sophistry, not to be tolerated for a moment by any conscientious administration of college government.

From the small beginning of the College, when, according to the witty verse of the President to-day, the Tutors had to deal with

“The Freshman Class of one,”

it has grown to a great University, wholly in accordance with the liberal spirit in which Harvard College was founded. John Harvard's gift, and the contributions of successive friends of learning in the early times, were noble examples, — small in amount, but large in proportion to their worldly means, — and nobly have they been followed by the Hollises, the Alfordes, the McLeans, the Gores, the Eliots, the Phillipses, the Lawrences, the Appletons, the Grays, — time would fail to name them all, — who have made the establishment what it is. The State, animated by the spirit of the Fathers, cherished the College, sometimes by annual appropriations, and sometimes by special benefactions; but by far the larger part of its means, now in activity, in all its departments, have come from private sources, — in a great measure from the generous citizens of Boston, whose names will be forever identified with the progress of learning in America. To the College proper have been successively added the Divinity School, the

Law School, the Medical School, the Lawrence Scientific School, the Botanical Garden, and the Observatory; and last, but not least in the bright array, the Museum of Natural History, built by private liberality, and the enlightened munificence of the Commonwealth. The College, — Harvard College, — the germinal institution giving its corporate name to the whole, and the other establishments grouped around it, make collectively the University. What is a University? It is a permanent establishment, in which all knowledge, all means of scientific and literary research, all the accumulations of study and experience, are gathered together. It is built, not for one age, but for every age; its aim is to advance the human race in all that exalts and dignifies the life of man. The recorded wisdom, the written speech of every civilized nation, should be treasured on the shelves of its libraries; its museums should contain every product of the handiwork of God; its laboratories should have every material and every instrument by which Nature can be interrogated, and the thoughts of the Almighty read. Men of the most distinguished genius, of the largest acquirements, should be drawn into its service. Studious and eager youth should find the ample page of learning ever unrolled before them. Withdrawn from the tumults of the world, and its maddening ambition, here truth alone should reign supreme. In the still air of delightful studies, here the growing intellect should ripen, undisturbed by the passions which agitate society. A University should bind together the students

who enter its halls in the hallowed friendship that grows from common pursuits of the noblest kind, and is nurtured by the generous sentiments native to the heart of uncorrupted youth. It should bind the ages together, by the most elevating associations that can act upon the finest feelings of the soul. For beneath its immemorial trees have walked the great and good of past ages, and the most illustrious of our contemporaries. In these apartments, they studied and conversed ; in these lecture-rooms, they listened to the learned men who guided their studies, and trained their unfolding faculties to the great tasks of life. Here first they exercised their logical reason, or glowing fancy, on congenial themes. Every spot of ground, every shady tree, every trodden path, every wall, turret, pinnacle, is linked to sacred memories, that crowd the period of hope and youth passed here. We recall with delight such venerable images, such exciting thoughts. We seem to see the forms of illustrious men, still haunting the places dear to them in the days long since gone ; we listen in imagination to the voices of the great orators, whose fame has filled the world ; of the poets, whose song has added new charms to life ; of the illustrious cultivators of science, who have read the laws of nature, or conversed with the stars : —

“ Rapt in celestial transport they,
 Yet hither oft a glance from high
 They send of tender sympathy,
 To bless the place where on their opening soul
 First the genuine ardor stole.”

It is these associations of the present and memories of the past that create the strong attachments cherished by the graduates of a college for the place of their education. The fond feeling, that grows stronger with age, and kindles with a brighter flame as the lamp of life burns lower, is that of a child for its mother. If a college education added nothing more to the sum of human felicity than the consciousness of this tender love for Alma Mater, the cherishing mother of our minds, it would be among the best and most effective agencies for the progress and refinement of society.

We are already so far removed from the beginnings, that the sense of antiquity steals with its softening influence over us, as we recall the past of Harvard University. Ancient visages adorn our walls, and look down from the canvas upon our festal assemblies. We begin to count our years by centuries. Quaint traditions have descended to us from the days of the Fathers, and the hues of eld are creeping over our academic halls. "My own belief," says Dr. Arnold, "is, that our Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge are, with all their faults, the best institutions of the kind in the world, — at least for Englishmen." And so I say, "My own belief is, that our Colleges of Cambridge, and Amherst, and Yale, and others like them, are the best institutions of the kind in the world, — at least for Americans." I have felt the mighty rush of solemn and impressive associations, that sweep like a tide upon the soul, at Oxford and Cambridge. I have paced the quadrangles, meditated among the

cloisters, read in the libraries, and wandered over the green lawns and soft meadows in those old University towns ; I have gazed on the portraits and statues of their illustrious men ; I have delighted my sight with the architectural splendors of their venerable colleges, chapels, schools, and theatres. The effects of the education there obtained are wonderful and admirable. We see a body of gentlemen formed under its influence unsurpassed in the world ; we see a dignified and learned clergy ; statesmen blending the classical tastes they have acquired with manly abilities in practical affairs, adorning the drudgery of business and the details of official duty with the graces of the Muse. Canning and Pitt and Fox, refreshing their energies, exhausted in the strife of the Senate, or with the cares of government, by gladly drinking at the Pierian spring ; Brougham, writing essays on ancient eloquence, and translating Demosthenes ; Carlisle, filling the interval between two viceroyalties by studying on the spot the topography of Troy ; Gladstone, illustrating the scholarship of the age, while unbending from the severe toils of arranging the budget and adjusting the revenues of a mighty empire, by writing three volumes on Homer, which henceforth no student's library can spare, — these great scholars and statesmen tell us what the highest forms of English education do for the leaders of thought and action in our mother land.

Again, the German Universities have been justly held up to our admiration, — not quite so justly

to our imitation. The vast erudition of the German professors, their profound speculative powers, the gigantic contributions they have made to the treasures of learning, entitle them, as a body, to our reverence. They have made the study of the German language a necessity to learned men everywhere. The freedom of their lecture-rooms, the endless accumulation of books in their libraries, the liberality with which the stranger is allowed to avail himself of them, give the German Universities an eminent and most beneficent position in modern culture. He who denies this because German speculation has sometimes lost itself in the clouds of mysticism, or because German rationalists have sometimes attempted to undermine the established truths of history, sacred and profane, by the senseless jargon of the "mythical theory," or because a few German naturalists have striven to dethrone the Creator, and to set up in his place an inexorable law, as the Merimnophrontistæ of the old comedy exalted Dinos to the place of Zeus, — he who, offended by these intellectual excesses, rejects the good there is in the profound and faithful studies of German scholars and philosophers, runs into a fanatical extreme in the opposite direction. The German scholars and German Universities have performed an important part, and perhaps have a still more important part to perform, in the progress of science and letters. Recognizing fully the merits of the English and German Universities in their respective spheres, I yet do not hesitate to compare

our New England system — not in a boastful, yet not in a deprecatory spirit — with theirs. American colleges have a somewhat different task to accomplish from that either of the German or the English.

The young American, passing from the university into the world, is seized by the current of events, and strongly and inevitably borne along. All too soon he becomes a politician, philanthropist, reformer. The questions which agitate the age as the winds lash the heaving ocean, belong not, at least in their party aspect, to academic life. The young man here must learn the principles which shall help him to meet them when the moment comes; but he must not be absorbed in the questions themselves, while he is gathering strength and ripening for the future. Let there be at least these short years of calm for intellectual growth. Let there be no premature excitement of passions, however laudable in themselves, by turning the thoughts of academic youth from liberal pursuits to the smoke and dust of the conflict, in this brief prelude, soon to be followed by the tragic complications, the fierce emotions, the bitter, unsparing warfare, that rage over the field of life. Here let a barrier to the encroaching sea of political and philanthropic strife, over which it may not pass, be raised. Let our academic holidays be the truce of God, wherein all may lay aside their armor and meet on the common ground of the *literae humaniores*, — the humaner letters, as good learning was once beautifully called. There are places enough, times

enough, occasions enough, for the *gaudia certaminis*, — the joys of battle. For God's sake, let the din of war never be heard in the grove of the Academy. Our young American needs, more than the European youth, the training that shall give him composure and self-command, — that shall give him the mastery of his faculties, and the habit of steady action. He is a citizen of a vast republic, wherein every man has his career to open, his fortune to make, his success to achieve. He feels every moment the social or party pressure, and the weight of individual responsibility. These very circumstances make the period in which we live one which tempts the young man into premature activity. He is allured into the busy scene when his faculties are but half unfolded; his principles are yet uncertain; his views vague; his hopes gorgeous as the rainbow, and perhaps as fleeting and unsubstantial. His tastes are unformed, and his moral being crude as the unripe fruit of early summer. A solid character is not the growth of a day; the intellectual faculties are not matured without long and vigorous culture. To refine the taste is a laborious process; to fortify the reasoning power with its appropriate discipline is an arduous undertaking; to store the mind with sound and solid learning is the work of calm and studious years. It is the business of the higher education to check this fretful impatience which possesses us, this crude and eager haste to drink the cup of life which drives us onward to exhaust the intoxicating drafts of ambition.

By our laws a man becomes his own master at one-and-twenty. Our Constitution provides that the President of the United States must be at least thirty-six; and Aristotle makes this same age the suitable one for a man to marry. True it is that one man is older, in all that constitutes true manhood, at five-and-twenty, than another who has passed his grand climacteric. This difference comes partly from natural endowments; but chiefly it is made by the different use of natural endowments. One has dawdled life away, half asleep or something worse, till all the energies he had are made unfit for use. Another, fortunate in the early discipline of parents, who knew better than to yield to his childish folly, — who neither spoiled his bodily health by indulging his appetites, nor his mental health by yielding to him when he shrank from toil, as all boys will shrink at times, — passed from school to college, applying the manly habits already formed to the appropriate labors of the place, shirking no task, however trying, on any plea of laziness or dissipation. He enters life in the glory of his early manhood, with faculties unfolded, strengthened, and alert; joyously marching on his way, however steep and hard, to assured success; helpful to others who cannot help themselves; master of his passions; no fanatic of one idea, but giving hospitable welcome to all good thoughts, which ripen in his true and genial nature into virtuous action. Such is the educated youth, — such is the champion of stainless honor, armed with weapons of immortal temper,

whom Harvard loves to send forth into the world to do heroic work. The young man who would achieve lasting renown must learn to curb his fiery impulses and subdue the wandering of his impassioned thoughts ; and this the studies of the University most readily help him to do. I do not say there is no other way of achieving this result. But this is the shortest and most effective way. Great men conquer great difficulties, and show themselves great in doing so ; but they remember what the difficulties were, and strive to put them out of the way of their successors. Washington and Franklin were not University men ; but the former, in his last message to Congress, recommended a University, for which he appropriated a part of his fortune, and the latter founded one. Franklin was not a classical scholar, but he provided the means whereby others should become classical scholars, and, wishing to make a present to our library which should signalize his appreciation of good learning, he sent, not *Poor Richard*, but a handsome copy of *Virgil*.

But if severe training be necessary for effective mental action, what room is left for spontaneous impulse ? some may ask,—what channel for inspiration ? For among those who question the ancient methods, we hear a great deal said about inspiration and spontaneity,—pardon me the word, I never used it before. Without discipline, there is no spontaneous action worth having,—no inspiration that deserves to be listened to. St. Paul drew an illustration from the Grecian games ; let me ask the advocates of spon-

taneity what they think of the principle as applied to the boat-races in which our young friends have so much distinguished themselves. Are the careful diet, the early hours, the daily testing of vigor and skill, the total abstinence from hurtful drinks and food, the training of the eye, the ear, the hand, — are all these spontaneous actions? Does the man who pulls the stroke-oar do it by spontaneity? I know not, — I never tried it; but I should not like to pull against such a man with all the spontaneity I could muster.

The most beggarly ballad-singer that earns his daily bread by twanging his harp and singing his poor old songs at cottage doors, has won his skill of hand and voice and style by long and persistent training. The immortal verse of Homer was no careless outpouring of sudden impulse. We may be sure that the unapproachable perfection of his transcendent composition was the result of long and careful cultivation. It is true that he inherited a language formed under the happiest influences of nature, by a race who possessed a manly vigor and an exquisite susceptibility to the beauty of sound and form. The Ionic Greek, which he learned from his mother's lips, was the most wonderful instrument on which poet ever played. For every mood of man's changing mind, for every affection of the heart, for every form of outward nature, it possessed that peculiar felicity of expression which places the things described directly before the hearer. And Homer inherited from his birth each gift and grace

with which the gods have ever crowned their darlings. His vigilant eye let no object, great or small, escape its lightning glance: his ear drank in the melodies of nature and art; his exquisitely-strung nerves vibrated to every breath of heaven, every voice of passion, every stirring impulse of the soul. But he stored his mind with all the knowledge of his age. He travelled over the ancient Grecian world, and, with a keenness of observation which no naturalist of modern times has ever surpassed, he noted the phenomena of Nature on the bosom of the stormy sea, on the resounding shore, in the silence of the star-lit night, at the rising of the sun, at the setting of the Pleiades. And when the inspiration came upon him, and his thoughts voluntarily moved harmonious numbers, the thought and knowledge and discipline were there; the listening throngs at the Ionian festivals knew that they stood in the presence of the greatest creative intellect, — the wisest of men, — the favorite of the heavenly powers. From that day to this the law has remained the same. The gods have placed labor before excellence, and the condition is inexorably enforced, the price sternly exacted. The superiority of genius is not only a superiority of natural endowment, but a force of will and a faculty of toil, that bring all natural endowments into the highest and the most efficient activity.

The proper objects of a University are twofold. First, educating young men to the highest efficiency of their intellectual faculties, and to the noblest culture of their moral and religious natures. To accom-

plish this end, both experience and reason have shown that the study of the classical languages of antiquity, — the Greek and Latin, — the mathematics, and the physical sciences, and intellectual philosophy, are the best means. Other sciences and other departments of literature are added, according to time, taste, and inclination, for practical utility and literary accomplishment. Instruction in the modern languages is provided, as they are the keys to the precious treasures of literature, in which the cultivated nations of Europe have embodied their best thoughts. The two great languages of antiquity have been taken as the basis of literary culture; first, because geographically they stand in a central position in the long line of Indo-European tongues, and secondly, because, as instruments for the expression of thought, they rose, in the long succession of centuries, to the highest point of perfection. Speech, in itself, is one of the grandest and most beautiful objects of study. Taking it in all its relations and forms, we may call it the chief distinction of man. It is one of the divinest miracles of our being. When we speak, we set in motion an organism framed with inexpressible skill, by the hand of the Almighty Creator. What curious and subtile adaptations have been contrived to make the act of speech not only possible, but easy, — so easy, and so natural, that we never pause to reflect upon the wonder of the phenomenon. The articulating organs, so exquisitely constructed and adjusted; the elastic air, that serves so many other beneficent purposes in the

economy of the universe; the intellect, created, as all science shows, in the image of the Divine mind, transmitting its commands from the brain, where it sits enthroned like a god, along the speeding nerves to its servants, the articulating organs; the impulse, moving on the wings of the breeze, sweeping through intervening space, knocking at the porches of the ear, and delivering the message — a bodiless thought — to another kindred mind; — how commonplace, yet how mysterious, how divine! No wonder that Rhenius, a missionary in the East, in the Preface to his Tamil Grammar, exclaims, “To God, the Eternal and Almighty Jehovah, and Author of speech, be glory for ever and ever.” But these two languages are not only the perfection of the forms of speech; they contain the most admirable compositions in every species of literature, and they stand in point of time also at the head of that European civilization to which we belong. Nothing can change the past; the position they occupy, the influence they have exercised over the course of thought and the forms of expression in literature, are immutable facts. Whatever progress the nations may make in knowledge and the diffusion of intellectual culture among the people, the Greek and Roman writers will hold their place as the venerable teachers of the European world. You cannot cut off the fountain-head; you cannot stop the stream. To the end of time the great classic authors of Greece and Rome will be the models of all that is noble in expression, elegant in style, chastened in taste. Doubtless the human race

advance in general knowledge and culture, and in command over the facts of nature and the laws of dynamics, as they move on through the ages. But the twin peaks of Parnassus still rise, and only one poet soars to the side of Homer. The Bema stands silent and solitary in Athens, and no orator has ascended its steps and plucked the crown from the brow of Demosthenes. The Cephissus and the Ilissus listened to the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle; but no modern Cephissus and Ilissus so haunt the memories of cultivated thinkers as these slender streamlets. He would be a bold man who asserted that any dramatic poet has surpassed, or that more than one have equalled, Æschylus and Sophocles. There have been many more populous and wealthy cities than Athens, but only one Athens has illustrated the history of man,—there has been but one Athens in the world. Time has not dimmed her ancient glories; her schools still school mankind; her language is the language of letters, of art, of science. There has been but one Acropolis, over which the virgin goddess of wisdom kept watch and ward with spear and shield. There has been but one Parthenon, built by the genius of Architecture, and adorned with the unapproachable perfections of Phidian statues; and there it rises in the pathetic beauty of decay, kindling in the blaze of the noon-day sun, or softly gleaming under the indescribable loveliness of the full moon of Attica.

Great moralists have taught the lessons of wisdom and goodness in every generation of men; but only

the Son of God rose to diviner strains than Socrates, whose teachings of the obligations of duty, the immortality of the soul, the forgiveness of injuries, the certainty of judgment to come, sanctify the rocky chamber where he held those dialogues recorded by the most beloved of his disciples, and where, when the great discussion ended, and the setting sun was still lighting the hill of Mars, Hymettus, Lycabettus, and the Acropolis with its unequalled glories, he died a martyr's death, because he would not disobey his country's laws.

A liberal education, a university education, aims to train the mind in these high studies, to make it familiar with these inspiring examples, to refine the taste, exercise the judgment, soften the heart, by these humanizing arts. I have dwelt a few moments on this department of university education, partly, I suppose, because the studies of my life have been more especially consecrated to its cultivation; but partly also because the utility of these pursuits, and their fitness to hold the conspicuous place which our system assigns them, have been vehemently questioned. The discipline of the exact sciences and their practical usefulness, the importance of cultivating the powers of observation, and guarding against the illusions of the senses, the value of a careful initiation into the philosophy of the mind, and the political sciences, no man in his senses ever denied.

I believe the education founded on the studies of which I have spoken, is the best for a young man considered as a rational being; and if best for a

young man as a rational being, it is also the best preparation he can have for any special department of life. He will not only be the better lawyer, clergyman, physician, for having had it, but he will be the better citizen, the better merchant, the better banker, the better everything. The late Colonel Perkins once told me, that if he were then in active life, (he was at a very advanced age at the time,) and had to choose for his counting-house between two young men, of equal natural abilities, of equal excellence of character, the one having received a college education, with no special preparation for business, the other with a good school education and the most careful training in book-keeping and the other arts which have a special bearing on commercial pursuits, he should prefer the college man. The ground of judgment taken by that eminent and venerable merchant was, that the university man could easily master the details of the business, with the general culture his education had given him, so as to be equal to his rival in that special thing; and that done, he would always be, in other respects, the superior. And I have been told by an eminent professor of natural science, who formerly belonged to a foreign university into which came pupils from the gymnasia, where a classical course was required, and others from the so-called real schools, where the studies were exclusively practical and scientific, that invariably the classical men made the most rapid progress in the study of the natural sciences, for which the preparation of the others, in a superficial view, would

be supposed to have best qualified them. The reason was the same as that given by the merchant: that the gymnasia furnished a more complete exercise of the intellectual powers, and he who had been subjected to it was better fitted for *any* special department in the university. I think these views are sound and philosophical; and while I do not claim that a university education is essential to professional pursuits, practical business, or public life, I would strongly urge it upon every young man looking forward to either of these careers, who can command the time and the pecuniary means. Our assemblage of establishments adapt themselves, however, to the various conditions and objects of men. We do not require a young man to pass the undergraduate department in order to enter the scientific or professional schools, because we know that many who will greatly profit by these schools cannot spare the time required by the college; yet I have not the slightest doubt that in every one of these cases a previous college course would in after life prove to be an inestimable blessing. I should be glad to illustrate this topic at greater length, but passing time warns me that I must forbear.

Socrates deemed himself happy that he was about to migrate after death to a blessed region, where he should meet and converse with the souls of Homer and Hesiod, and other good and famous men. The scholar now may enjoy the anticipated happiness of Socrates. He may read the very words, glow with the very thoughts, fill his memory with the very im-

ages, that revolved in the capacious genius of the old Ionian singer, whose undying verse still reproduces the Hellespontine shore, still echoes with the multitudinous plashing of the sea, and repeoples with heroic forms the plain of Troy, over whose silent fields the Simois and Scamander steal their languid way, as the traveller, *Iliad* in hand, sweeps along the sparkling waters, with *Ida*, *Gargarus*, and the *Mysian Mountains* in sight, while *Tenedos*, and *Imbros*, and *Samothrace*, rich with poetical memories, flash like gems on the bosom of the *Ægean deep*. An English gentleman, *Mr. Calvert*, hospitable and generous like *Axylus* of old, owns the immortal plain, and is reclaiming it with British capital from the exhaustion of centuries of barbaric possession. But the genius of *Homer* holds it by an older title, recognized as inalienable by the whole educated world; and the scholar who sails its neighboring waters and treads its shores is the intellectual guest of him who has owned it by the right of song for more than three thousand years. Is it not something, too, to ascend the *Bema*, — that illustrious rock, — and recall the majestic words of *Demosthenes*, which entranced the souls of his countrymen, and kept the arms of *Philip* and *Alexander* for twenty years at bay, — the very words of matchless grace and resistless force wherein the master's fiery inspiration flowed? Is it not something to repeat, under the shade of the *Morian trees*, the very phrases in which *Plato* delivered his divine philosophy to his disciples, while the breezes played among the weird old olive groves,

sacred to Athens, and the silvery waters of the Cephissus went murmuring by, more than two thousand years ago? When Cicero visited Athens, he turned aside at the Peiraic gate and passed up the plain to the colonnaded walks of the Academy, that he might refresh his soul with the exalting associations of the spot, even before he beheld the wonders of art that crowned the Acropolis, or conversed with the accomplished men who in that age still crowded the gardens, the schools, the Leschæ, and the porticos. To the scholar of the present day the enjoyment is more exquisite, the delight of such associations more intense.

But I must tear myself away from these classic memories, that recall moments that were eras in my intellectual life,—hours, happy hours, too quickly fled.

I have said that the object of a university was partly to educate the young,—the picked and chosen youth—the *jeunesse dorée*—of the country; but it is also in part the duty of the Professors to add to the literature and science of their respective departments. The university that fails to do this fails in an essential portion of its proper business. For the men of Harvard, I proudly and gratefully appeal to the judgment of the world. Natural and mathematical science, law, philosophy, poetry, are daily receiving important accessions from the heads and hands of our Professors. Leading works in all the provinces of the intellectual domain might be enumerated, which have been produced by them within the last

ten years. But in this presence I forbear. In the other branches of academic duty, the all-important question is, Does the training of Harvard rear up a race of men, — high-minded men? Public and private munificence has built and filled yonder Library and these learned halls. The same generous spirit has endowed these professorships. Have the objects of all these noble endowments and costly sacrifices been attained? Are all these diligent labors, these watchful cares, daily and nightly exercised by the academic body, rewarded by the bright accomplishments and honorable characters of the young men who annually go forth from these ancient halls into the busy world? If not, let these ancient halls crumble to the earth; let yonder noble library be scattered or burned by invading barbarians; let yonder museum, which now contains in its ample spaces an organic world, be levelled brick by brick, and the great naturalist who has gathered its treasures from every quarter of the earth return to the land whose great loss we have thought our exceeding gain in his coming. But no; the halls, libraries, museums, shall stand, and their means of progress and utility shall be indefinitely enlarged. The naturalist shall stay where he is. There is no end to the public and private blessings they confer under his inspiring genius. Proudly and gratefully I go before the world with these graduates of Harvard, — from the noble man who stands at the head of the long catalogue of illustrious living names, to the class that received their diplomas yesterday.

There are some who doubt the wisdom of our system and the fitness of our discipline, but behold the results. I make no boastful comparisons, but wherever I meet a Cambridge man I know that I am in the society of a gentleman. I think I have studied the Cambridge student long enough to understand his qualities. I know that he sometimes cherishes fantastic and paradoxical theories of his own rights, especially as against the requirements of the Faculty; I am aware that he sometimes labors under strange delusions as to the insidious designs of tutors and proctors against his peace and dignity, for I have been a tutor myself; but I doubt if the faults of students are as great as those that other persons of the same age would exhibit, if assembled in equal numbers, and, like them, partially removed from the influences of general society. I am convinced that they have better safeguards against serious moral dangers than other young men enjoy. Nowhere, I think, is the influence of high character more powerful or pervading. I know of no form of society where, with the greatest inequality of social condition and of wealth, such absolute justice is done to merit. Rich and poor, country boys and city boys, candidates well prepared and candidates ill prepared, here come together. In spite of the errors of opinion and conduct which sometimes, in moments of excitement, they exhibit in their bearing towards the authorities under which they are placed, in their conduct toward each other, in the honors they award to each other, I firmly believe that no society of men

in the world, young or old, are governed by a more absolute sense of perfect and impartial justice.

We used to hear in former times of charity scholars. Young men destitute of this world's goods, but rich in hope and aspirations, were above the false pride of refusing to perform services which the more fastidious tone of our day would perhaps call menial, to earn thereby money to pay, in whole or in part, the cost of their education. The rich classmates of such a scholar never made him feel, by scornful look, or haughty manner, or stinging allusion, the sense of inequality. The same student who, in Commons Hall, waited upon his wealthier classmates, or rang the morning bell, or kindled the fire in the recitation-room, presided in the evening over one of the literary societies, into which the rich young man felt himself honored to be admitted as a common member. *Haud inexpertus loquor*. This generous principle of scholarly association, making a student's position in the most important respects dependent upon what he is, and not upon what he *has*, is a noble characteristic of college life. But the poor scholars are not the only charity scholars. Rich and poor are alike the beneficiaries of the founders and benefactors of the University. In the eye of the law, the college is only a great charity, and the permanency of its rights, privileges, and powers stands upon this ground alone. The teaching of the learned professors, the use of these museums and libraries, the countless benefits of a residence here, are procured for rich and poor alike,—from

what or by whom? Not from the charges paid in term-bills, but from the well-directed charities of past generations and the present. These precious opportunities, which money cannot purchase, are open to the richest as well as the poorest, for half the sum paid for tuition at some of our private schools. The wealthiest scholar is dependent on charity for seven eighths of what his education costs, and the poorest only for a trifle more. The difference between the richest and the poorest this year has been but thirty dollars. Every student who has ever been graduated at this University, whether he waited at table, made fires, rang bells, kept monitors' bills, or clothed himself in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day, has been a charity student, nothing more.

The general type of character formed under these varied and contrasted influences is one in which truth, honor, generous feeling, brotherly kindness, most generally and permanently prevail. We meet it in all the walks of life, in practical affairs, in the professions, in church, in state. It is not often found in its highest development, but when it is, how lovely does it rise before us! Purity, manliness, and ardent youth harmonize well together. The union of these high qualities with the gracefulness of opening life and glowing manhood, is everywhere a lovely spectacle, which the gods may contemplate with delight. Nowhere is it lovelier or more beloved than among its kindred youth at college. Have you not watched such a young man

in his daily walk? Refined in manners, gentle in bearing, quiet in speech, never uttering a coarse word or a doubtful jest, he moves like the angel of Milton, severe in youthful beauty. He is devout and religious without ostentation, but without the dread of showing that he is religious on all fitting occasions. The harmony of his life is felt by the lightest of his companions. Do his fellow-students doubt his virtue, sneer at his purity, scorn his gentleness? He who thinks so greatly misjudges their generous natures. In his calm and saintly presence vice shrinks abashed, and tries to hide her ugliness; the loose phrase and suggestive song die away upon shamed and silenced lips. His speech is precious as gold; his opinion sways like the sentence of a sage; his father's pride, his mother's joy, the idol of his sister's heart,—is this being a dream of fancy? God forbid. I seem to see him now, standing in bodily presence before me. Alas! he sleeps in yonder city of the dead. His memory, crowned with amaranthine virtues, is the viewless presence in which he lives among us.

Gentlemen, it is high time for me to close. God grant that we may all work together for the prosperity of the common mother of our minds. God grant that these young men, who come up year by year, may under the influences of the place be strengthened for every good word and work. If I may be thought, hereafter, to have wrought in some humble measure toward this consummation,—if I may, in some humble measure, have

contributed to the enlargement of the bounds of science, the diffusion of a literary taste, the establishment of liberal and enlightened sentiments, the elevation of the standard of Christian and scholarly character, the strengthening of the bonds of patriotic devotion to the honor and glory of our common country among the successive classes, drawn from many and distant States, — if by the consecration of the remainder of my life to these objects, I shall close my career of service here with the consciousness of having advanced these high aims, to which the University, if faithful to itself, must ever aspire, that will be renown enough.

THE DINNER

OF THE

ASSOCIATION OF THE ALUMNI.

THE DINNER.

THE procession re-formed at Gore Hall, soon after the exercises were finished at the Church, and proceeded to Harvard Hall to the dinner. The capacity of the room was severely tested by the six hundred persons who were present. Dr. Holmes, Vice-President of the Association of Alumni, presided, having President Felton and two ex-Presidents, the Hon. Edward Everett and Dr. Walker, on his right, and Dr. Osgood, Governor Banks, and Chief Justice Shaw on his left. A blessing was asked by the Rev. Chandler Robbins, and the company dined. After this, the Musical Society of the Alumni sang, "Non nobis, Domine," and Dr. Holmes addressed the company as follows: —

"Brothers, by the side of her who is mother of us all, and friends, whom she welcomes as her own children !

"The older sons of our common parent, who should have greeted you from this chair of office, being for different reasons absent, it has become my duty to half fill the place of these honored but truant children, to the best of my inability. A most grateful office, so far as the expression of kind feelings is concerned ; an undesired duty if I look to the comparisons you must draw between the government of the association existing *de jure*, and its government *de facto*. Your President (Hon. R. C. Winthrop) so graces every assembly which he visits, by his presence, his dignity, his suavity, his art of ruling, whether it be the council of a

Nation, the legislature of a State, or the lively democracy of a Dinner-table, that, when he enters a meeting like this, it seems as if the chairs stood back of their own will to let him pass to the head of the board, and the table itself, that most intelligent of quadrupeds, the half-reasoning mahogany, tipped him a spontaneous welcome to its highest seat, and of itself rapped the assembly to order. Your first Vice-President (Mr. Charles Francis Adams), whose name and growing fame you know so much better than his bodily presentment, has not been able to gratify your eyes and ears by showing you the lineaments and stirring you with the tones inherited from men who made their country or shaped its destinies. You and I have no choice, therefore, and I must submit to stand in this place of eminence as a speaker, instead of sitting a happy listener with my friends and classmates on the broader platform beneath. Through my lips must flow the gracious welcome of this auspicious day, which brings us all together in this family temple, under the benignant smile of our household divinities, around the ancient altar fragrant with the incense of our grateful memories.

“This festival is always a joyous occasion. It reassembles a scattered family, without making any distinction except that which age establishes,—an aristocracy of silver hairs, which all inherit in their turn, and none is too eager to anticipate. In the great world outside there are and must be differences of lot and position; one has been fortunate, another, toiling as nobly, perhaps, has fallen in with adverse currents; one has become famous, his name stares in great letters from the handbills of the drama of his generation, another lurks in small type among the supernumeraries. But here we stand in one unbroken row of brotherhood. No symbol establishes a hierarchy that divides one from the other; every name which has passed into our golden book, the Triennial Catalogue, is illumi-

nated and emblazoned in our remembrance and affection with the purple and sunshine of our common Mother's hallowed past and hopeful future.

"We have at this time a twofold reason for welcoming the return of our day of festive meeting. The old chair of office, against whose uneasy knobs have rested so many well-compacted spines, whose uncushioned arms have embraced so many stately forms, over whose inheritance of cares and toils have ached so many ample brows, is filled once more with a goodly armful of scholarship, experience, and fidelity.

"The President never dies. Our precious Mother must not be left too long a widow, for the most urgent of reasons. We talk so much about her maternity, that we are apt to overlook the fact that a responsible *Father* is as necessary to the good name of a well-ordered college, as to that of a well-regulated household.

"As children of the College, our thoughts naturally centre on the fact that she has this day put off the weeds of her nominal widowhood, and stands before us radiant in the adornment of her new espousals. You will not murmur, that, without debating questions of precedence, we turn our eyes upon the new head of the family, to whom our younger brothers are to look as their guide and counsellor, as we hope and trust through many long and prosperous years.

"Brothers of the Association of the Alumni! Our own existence as a society is so bound up with that of the College whose seal is upon our foreheads, that every blessing we invoke on our parent's head, returns like the dew of Heaven upon our own. So closely is the welfare of our beloved Mother knitted to that of her chief counsellor and official consort, that in honoring him we honor her under whose roof we are gathered, at whose breasts we have been nurtured, whose fair fame is our glory, whose prosperity is

our success, whose lease of long life is the charter of our own perpetuity.

“I propose the health of the President of Harvard University. We greet our brother as the happy father of a long line of future Alumni.”

President Felton, on rising to respond, was received with three cheers and warm applause.

“Mr. President, — I thank you for the pleasant manner in which you have referred to me. I rise only to offer my acknowledgments for the greetings which I have had here and elsewhere, to-day. It is true, the morning opened with stormy scenes in nature; but storms in nature clear the air, and now we are in the enjoyment of unclouded sunshine. I have occupied too much time of this assembly, in another place, to feel justified in making you a speech now, if I had the physical strength to do so. You are aware, Sir, that it is a warm day, but not by the conclusive experience of it that I have had. I have had my share of both time and labor already. I thank you, brethren, one and all, for the cordial greeting you have extended to me, I thank you for the friendly manner in which you received what I said to-day, — said sincerely and earnestly, though in a somewhat loose and unfinished form. I can only add, that, in my future labors here, I intend to be guided by the principles which I endeavored to expound, because they are principles not adopted for the moment, but deduced from the experience of more than thirty years of college life, and I, at least, have no doubt of their soundness in the main, though I am aware that different minds look upon the same subject with different views. Paying all respect to every difference of opinion, and not expecting that my opinions will be adopted without discussion and debate, and perhaps, at times, opposition from the young, and even — what is more formidable still — disap-

probation from the old ; yet, when I am satisfied from my own reason and experience, I shall not be deterred from carrying them into execution so far as depends on me. No one, I think, can be more sensitive than I am to the good opinion, or more desirous to gain the friendly regard, of those who have been educated in these same academic shades with me, — too sensitive, perhaps, for my own happiness ; but one thing I can promise, that no unconscientious compliance with the prejudice of the moment, or the whim of the moment, shall turn me from the straightforward course of duty which, when I accepted this place, I resolved to enter upon.

“ I take this occasion to return my thanks to the Governor of the Commonwealth for the manner in which he spoke of the educational institutions of the State. I know, from my association with him on the Board of Education, that during his official period he has taken an active and most enlightened interest in them all, from the University down to the common school. I thank the Orator of the Alumni for the genial words which he has addressed to me. Peculiarly pleasant to me was it to listen to his voice upon this occasion, for he is an old friend and a cherished pupil ; and, though much younger than I, one with whom I have always maintained the most agreeable relations of literary intercourse and personal friendship. My thanks are especially due to the great body of educated gentlemen who have received with so much kindness what I had to say, — more than I expected, far more. To one and all I offer my sincerest and most deep-felt acknowledgments.

“ I might perhaps fairly ask some indulgence for the imperfections of my performance. During the past term I have been crowded with double duties as Professor and President. I have had the Commencement Latin to master, and that, you know, gentlemen, is not, in all its forms and phrases, quite Ciceronian. The closing term of

the year is always laborious for students, Professors, and President, and I have had my full share of toil. Besides the multiplying details of proper college work, I have had to preside over the Visitation of the Theological School, I have had to attend the meetings for the examination and admission of the largest class that has ever been offered for the University, — representing a larger number of States, I believe, than any class that has ever entered here before. In the midst of all these cares I have had to prepare my address for to-day. I think I may, therefore, claim a merciful construction. I have come to the conclusion, that, if I survive the present week, I am good for at least fifty years to come.”

THE PRESIDENT. — “To lead the procession of our brethren as the oldest graduate is a title to our respect and courtesy. To have performed long and faithfully the duties of the head of an institution like this University is of itself a claim to our grateful recognition. To have taken a part during two generations in the councils of national or municipal government, is to have been twice a citizen, and to merit twofold honors. When to the crown of patriarchal years is added the recollection of a double lifetime given to the interests of liberal education, and to the cause of good government, in the city and in the republic, the common tribute of respect is too languid for the glow of our gratitude, and we rise in spontaneous concert at the name of Josiah Quincy.”

The entire company rose and gave cheer on cheer for Quincy, and, after the band had played a waltz, the Harvard Club sang Horace's Ode, “Integer Vitae.”

THE PRESIDENT. — “We are honored by the presence of the Chief Magistrate of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The debt which scholars owe to statesmen can only

be repaid in words; would that they were always golden ones! What English monarch's name is so often upon English lips as that of him who founded the school of Eton,—

‘Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade?’

I speak the general sense of our men of science and letters when I say that our distinguished Chief Magistrate could not have shown a more filial kindness for this Mother of ours, if she had held him in her lap and counted him, as she certainly would have done, in her list of “first scholars.” I propose the health of his Excellency, Governor Banks; he has taken the State for his college, and stands at the head of his class.”

Music, — “Hail to the Chief.”

The Governor responded as follows: —

“Mr. President and Gentlemen, — I could not but feel sensibly the honor you have conferred upon me by the sentiment which has been so kindly received. I am afraid that, if I take too literally the words in which it has been given by the distinguished President, some other gentleman may remind me in his own words, that the class of which he speaks is that same old ‘Freshman Class of *one*.’ I am sure, Sir, that any place that he assigns a man is a good one for the person for whom it is assigned. As for the Governors, Sir, they belong to that class of evils of which we can never have but one at a time.

“I am certainly, Sir, delighted to find the Alumni of Harvard University in so joyous a mood. Indeed, I did not know that she had had any grief at all, until I heard it from the President, or that she had been in widowhood for any considerable length of time. When I saw her last, she had an excellent husband, and I should like to know under what laws she has taken the liberty to let him go from her? The Commonwealth has, indeed, an interest, not only in

the prosperity of the institution, but in the general good-feeling and enjoyment with which her anniversaries are celebrated. Indeed, I do not know anything that does the Commonwealth a greater service than a little good-humor. And if there is any citizen that we could not spare from the Commonwealth, it is the gentleman who sits at my right (Dr. Holmes), because he gives us so many good hits that we enjoy. Sometimes I think, Sir, we have a little too much wisdom in this Commonwealth,—that it would be better if we knew a little less and enjoyed ourselves a little more. There is a soberness that incrusts our people, exceedingly becoming on grave occasions; but there are a great many opportunities when we could do without it very well indeed. And I am happy to say, that this is one of those occasions, and also, that I have never seen six hundred faces looking so well as these that are before me.

“I really wish, Sir, I had been a graduate of this University. It seems to me that I must have had a good time. And I well remember, Sir, when I was quite young,—younger, almost, than I like to think,—how many times I came down from the little town where I lived, and walked in the shade of the trees, and heard the voices of the young men that were then here, and wished that I might have been one of them. It does not matter, Sir, what comes to a man in after life, nor how great his success may be,—I can say it from my heart and from my experience,—there is nothing in the world that will take the place of the discipline and training that young men can have in a University like this. I wish that every son of the Commonwealth might have the privileges of this institution, that he might enjoy its advantages, and once a year look as happy, gentlemen, as you are looking to-day.

“There is something more in the matter of education than we are accustomed to think. I do not know why it

is, but the philosophy of this country seems to have run in a settled current of opinion, that leaves out of consideration the character of men. We rely upon institutions, — some of us upon what we call abstract principles, but “institutions” is the great idea for us. If we can have an institution for everything, we don’t want anything else. There is the ballot, — that is a great institution; there is the jury, — that is another great institution; and there is this or that great organism in our system of government, which we highly prize; and we say that if the people of France, of Russia, of Austria, of Italy, could only have the advantage of our institutions, they would have a government as perfect as that which we possess. But to me, Mr. President, it seems that, above all institutions, a good government requires *men*. And though institutions may be conveniences for good and great men, there can be no government, and no security for individual or public rights, where there is nothing but institutions; and where there are true and great and good men there will be good government, and security for public and private right, whether or not there exist any institutions whatever. And my heart feels gladdened when I see that there is undoubtedly aroused attention, on the part of the people of the Commonwealth and the country, to the necessity of a more thorough and manly culture than we have enjoyed, — not principally, perhaps, for the mind, but as much or more for the body, and recognizing the fact that out of the strength of the body, concurrent with the action of the brain, and the principles prompted by this symmetrical education, there is a security for the rights of the public, whether men be poor or rich, whether they be weak or strong. And I give you, Sir, —

“Prosperity to this and every other institution on the face of the earth, which is engaged in the work of creating *men*.”

The President gave the next regular toast : —

“*The Orator of the Alumni*, — We have this day reaped a twofold pleasure from his presence, in ‘The Graduate’s Return,’ as spoken and as acted in his own person.”

Music, “Luce Serene,” by the Harvard Club.

Rev. Dr. Osgood responded as follows : —

“Mr. President, — One way of serving our friends is to speak for them when asked ; another way, and I think it is the much better way, is to hold our tongue. Now I claim that the Alumni ought to be content with what I have done for them, for I have not only spoken three quarters of an hour, but I have omitted, positively, half an hour of my discourse. Now the Alumni have on their record various donations I remember, and among other things, a pewter mug valued at six shillings. Perhaps holding my tongue for half an hour might be entered upon the books as work, and credited to some similar amount.

“But, Sir, it would be wrong for me to fail to renew the fellowship of former days, and to express the great satisfaction which the returning graduate feels, not only in finding so many persons who are congenial friends, but in finding so many persons of diverse feelings, in finding that the list of our graduates is made up of so many materials, and that the sons of Harvard are united, — and united, powerful, because they are willing to accept the varying tendencies of a great many minds, in that enlarged spirit which becomes educated men. Now, some persons look upon difference as a ground of discord, and it may be that some of the young Alumni suppose, because certain of the elder graduates do not think exactly as they do, that the elder graduates ought to be expurgated from the Alumni catalogue ; whereas the young graduates need the elder men, and perhaps the elder graduates need the younger men. I don’t

know any better symbol of the fellowship of our Harvard men than that free speech which is now flowing so generously here. I read, in a work on 'The Philosophy of the Fine Arts,' recently issued from the press, that the first of the fine arts is prose speech, — because that, more than the plastic arts, more than architecture, painting, and sculpture, more than the other vocal arts, more than music and poetry, is as large as the world of the free spirit itself. I believe the diction of Harvard, drawn from the wells of English pure and undefiled, is an illustration of this truth. The prose of Harvard has expressed all the generous sentiments that Harvard accepts, and has pointed out the modes of generous fellowship which Harvard ought to urge.

"We are proud, some of us who live in our city, in being visited by various members of the Alumni. Sometimes the young and enthusiastic politician, fresh from Congress, comes to address us, and the whole city hangs upon his lips, remembering that he has repelled the weapons of barbarism with the weapons of civilization. Then we are visited by one of our elder brethren who charms us all with his eloquence; and no man in America draws so many sensible men and fair women to hear him as that our elder brother. He is old in years, — he says, I don't say so, — but he is young in heart, — young enough to be the champion of our America in the tilt with the morose conservatism of the Old World, not only defending his cause, but carrying the war, I will not say into the enemy's country, but into the foreign land. We like him; we like the progressive element, we like the conservative element; and the glory of our Harvard should be that it is generous to all. The poorest of all bigotries is that which quarrels not only with different types of opinion, but different types of character. God has made some men in the conservative mould, — more cautious, more attached to institutions, more rational, more real, and others more given to abstractions,

more hopeful, more radical, — just as in the prismatic tints he has made one ray to differ from another. Now let the sons of Harvard be generous ; let not the yellow quarrel with the red ; let not the blue quarrel with the green ; but let all stand together, and shine together, one bright and blessed light upon the darkness of the unlettered world.

“ Mr. President, I give you as a sentiment : —

“ The good fellowship of the sons of Harvard, — not only without a break, but without a jar.”

Dr. Holmes gave : —

“ Among those who have sat in the chair of our beloved University is one whose eloquent tones have delighted more listeners than those of any living speaker of his time and nation. What echoes have not grown musical in repeating his accents. Shall we call upon him, then, as an orator ? But literature will insist on claiming him as a scholar. Shall we call upon him as a scholar ? But the State will say he belongs to her as a Senator, or an imperial envoy, or in some other exalted capacity. Shall we drop all these claims and call upon him as an honored private citizen ? But the columns of the political newspapers and the election placards deny him that blissful obscurity. There is nothing to be done but to leave him his choice of titles, and to name him simply as the Honorable Edward Everett.”

Music, “ *Stride la Vampa.*”

Mr. Everett was received with loud and prolonged applause. When silence was restored, he spoke as follows : —

“ The only title by which I wish to be known on the present occasion is that of a dutiful, affectionate, and grateful son of Harvard. With respect to the eloquent description just given by my valued friend, the Orator of the Day, of the value of prose speech, I regret that his practice was

not more in accordance with his doctrine ; he would not else, as he candidly admits, have robbed us of that half-hour of his own glowing and impressive prose, to which we should all have listened with so much pleasure. His Excellency the Governor, who has addressed us with so much power and feeling, alluded, in pathetic terms, to the emotions with which he had, in his youth, listened to the cheerful strains which, on public occasions, were sometimes heard from the academic shades, and his regret that it had not then fallen to his lot to join the joyous circle. I could not listen to those touching remarks, and reflect on the efficient services which he has rendered to our ancient University, in promoting the endowment of the Museum of Natural History, without repeating the beautiful inscription on the bust of Molière, in the French Academy, ‘ Nothing is wanting to his glory, — he is wanting to ours.’

“ I suppose, Sir, of all the titles to which you have been good enough to allude, that of an ex-President of the University is the one by which I may with the greatest propriety address you, as most assuredly there is nothing in my humble career that I pride myself upon more, than that I was thought not unworthy to be placed at its head. I stood in that relation but a short time, but I sometimes return to these classic precincts with somewhat of the feelings of the retired tallow-chandler, of whom the well-known story is told. Having relinquished the partnership, he was desirous, after a while, of resuming it. This, however, could not be, and he then begged to be permitted, at least, to come and lend a hand on melting days. Now, Sir, this is a melting day in more than one sense. We have had two of the great natural solvents powerfully at work ever since sunrise, but I have not lately enjoyed a happier day. I suppose that the spectacle of four ex-Presidents of an institution like this, assembled on the same stage to assist at the inauguration of their successor, was never witnessed

before. It reminds me of a little occurrence (His Excellency kindly permits us to indulge in a jest) on the day of my graduation. A young Chinese tradesman was invited to one of the Commencement entertainments, and, knowing our language but imperfectly, was a good deal pestered with questions about the institutions of his own country; among others, whether there were any colleges in Canton. He probably thought that *college* was the general name of all corporations, for whatever object, (as indeed it is in Latin,) and answered that there were two colleges, each of which had four Presidents, and no students, — an arrangement which would lighten the burden of administering the discipline of the institutions, rather more than it would promote the cause of education.

“I cannot, however, Sir, (to pass to a more serious strain,) speak on behalf of the ex-Presidents without feeling to what disadvantage I do it. If you, on entering upon the duties of the chair, thought it necessary to apologize for taking the place of the distinguished President and first Vice-President of the Association, (men worthy in all respects of the praises bestowed by you upon them, but with whom no other person would think you were yourself unequally matched,) how can I but feel oppressed, in speaking for him, the Nestor of ex-Presidents and Alumni, who stands alone, by so many titles, in our respect and affection, — whose presence, though but for an hour, has added so much to the dignity and interest of the day, and whose necessary withdrawal from its further excitements is so deeply felt by us all.

“There is no one who can better congratulate our honored friend, who now accedes to the chair, than we who have gone before him. We know the nature of the duties to be performed, — of the rewards to be hoped for in their conscientious discharge. When I reflect, that, since the resignation of President Quincy, our Alma Mater has suc-

cessively called three of us into her service, whose united terms have not equalled his, and has at length intrusted her interests to you, Sir, (President Felton,) whose vigorous constitution and locks unbleached by time afford a promise, if not of the fifty years to which you have playfully alluded, yet certainly of a long, long period of service and usefulness, I am reminded of that most magnificent verse, in the oldest and greatest of poems, (scarcely less familiar to you, Sir, than your mother tongue,) the verse which describes the descent of Neptune from Samothrace to Ægæ, while woods and mountains trembled beneath the immortal feet of the god : —

Τρὶς μὲν ὀρέξατ' ἰὼν, τὸ δὲ τέττατον ἵκετο τέκμων.

‘Thrice he strode on his march, but the fourth time he came to the goal.’

“Our new President enters upon his office certainly under the happiest auspices. As the Governor has observed, the unanimous choice of the academic boards called him to the place; and that election has been ratified by the equally unanimous voice of the Alumni, and the hearty approval of the public. This, too, at a time when, under the skilful administration of our honored friend, Dr. Walker, the institution had reached a point of unexampled prosperity, and no thought of any but first-rate qualifications in a successor would have been tolerated for a moment. Not only had larger classes than ever before begun to resort to the institution, equalled only by that which has been entered this week, but the standard of scholarship in the classics, in other branches of polite literature, in the exact sciences, in mental philosophy, has become so much higher than when I was an undergraduate, that it hardly seems the same institution. Then, Sir, the professional and scientific schools, the collections, the apparatus, and the libraries, and the means of pursuing the most advanced studies in every department, make it a real *Universitas*

artium. In this prosperous condition we now commit it trustingly to your charge, and look for its steady progress ; and if I might venture a hint at what we elder brethren would recommend, it would be that our young friends, the undergraduates, would hit upon some way of working off the exuberant spirits of youth a little more generous and kindly toward the new-comer, — a little more thoughtful and considerate toward their true friends, the Faculty, — than those which (notwithstanding the general manliness of the student) still, to some extent, prevail. I say their ‘ true friends,’ for while I was connected with the University, never did I see, on the part of the Faculty, the slightest indication of a harsh or vindictive feeling toward their charge.

It is, lacking one year, two centuries and a quarter from the date of the institution, — no inconsiderable period in any country, and one which, in this country, goes back to the very cradle of the settlement. May we not take an honest pride in reflecting on the large number of distinguished men, in Church and in State, who, during this period, have acknowledged this seat of learning as their nursing mother, — standing, as it did, alone in the British Colonies for two generations, and never in after times — no, never for an hour — filling a lower place among her sisters than that which she now fills ? Two centuries of time have elapsed, — centuries which have changed the aspect of the world at home and abroad, — which have wrought a succession of revolutions that have shaken the most ancient thrones to the foundation, during which the Colonies have passed through that “ struggle for life,” of which we now hear so much from the physiologists, into the condition of thirty-three independent States, and with nearly as many millions of people ; and our noble Harvard still maintains as honorable a rank among the sister institutions, numerous and reputable as they are, as at any former period of her history.

“But let us not forget that the sister institutions *are* not only numerous and highly respectable, but animated, many of them, by a generous spirit of emulation, well calculated to keep the older seminaries on the stretch. Among all the wonders of the great West, nothing struck me more than the ample provision made and making in every branch of education. The state of society does not yet call for Universities on the same scale as the oldest and best furnished in the Eastern States, but our brethren in the West are rapidly, if I may use the homely expression, treading on our heels. I had the pleasure three years ago of visiting a seminary in the interior of Michigan, — an Indian wilderness within the memory of man, — which, for the character of its chancellor and faculty, for its scientific collections, and its observatory, would have done no discredit to one of the oldest States, and the entire expense of the establishment defrayed by the Commonwealth. I assisted about the same time at the inauguration of a University at St. Louis, which for liberality of endowment, and, what is better, liberality of principle, bids fair to be a radiating centre of intelligence to that mighty valley of the Mississippi. The school funds of some of these new States approach the fabulous. That of Illinois exceeds four millions of dollars. That of Texas exceeds two millions of dollars; while the separate counties, in that State, have landed endowments for common schools, amounting in the aggregate to over two millions of acres of land, and the University fund exceeds 220,000 acres. In the cities of Cincinnati and Chicago I saw schools, which, for the scale of expenditure and accommodation, are not exceeded in Boston.

“We cannot contemplate these rising institutions with anything but delight; from the walls of old Harvard we bid them God speed; they are in no small degree our intellectual offspring. These new republics are doing, in

their infancy, what our fathers did in the infancy of Massachusetts ; they are furnishing us a common ground of intellectual sympathy between East and West, which you, Sir, I am sure, will rejoice to foster : — and Heaven grant that two centuries hence they may boast of their ancient and venerable Yales, and Harvards, and Dartmouths, and Columbias, and Princetons, and William and Marys, as we now boast of ours.”

THE PRESIDENT. — “ Without the Law, our civilization would soon become barbarism ; without Judges, our lawyers would never agree ; without a wise Chief, our Judges would never decide. Suffer me, then, to propose the health of the Honorable Lemuel Shaw : —

‘ Chiefest of Chiefs ; a brain without a flaw ;
If chaos touched it, it would turn to Law.’ ”

Chief Justice Shaw rose, amid the cheers of the company, and said : —

“ Mr. Chairman, — You impose upon me a difficult task in requiring me without preparation to rise amidst this torrent of eloquence, in which it would greatly please me if I could participate ; but as I am sure I should only interfere with other parties, I shall not extend my speech over any considerable time. But, Sir, I never can feel unprepared when the Law and the Judicature of the country are called in question, and called in question in such a style of approbation. Sir, in the name of the Jurisprudence of the Commonwealth, in the name of those who are called upon to administer it, I heartily thank you, and the gentlemen who are present, for the sentiments you have expressed, and the manner in which they have been received by this distinguished intellectual company. Mr. Chairman, it would be very easy, if I thought it necessary, on an occasion like this, to point out various modes in

which the jurisprudence of the country is indebted to its Universities. It would be a theme requiring consideration. Sir, what would be the condition of any country, of any government, of any system of government, that had not a judiciary department? Would it not be a machine without its balance-wheel, a steam-engine with all its power on of popular force, and of legislative power, without means of control? Sir, the judiciary is a necessary ingredient in every well-ordered government; and it is to the University—no, Sir, to the Universities of this whole community—that we are to be indebted for it.

“Sir, I participate with all my heart in the sentiments which have been so frequently expressed to-day, that the great object of all this University training, of this higher department of education, is to make men fitted for all the departments of society, and not for any particular profession. Up to a certain point, Sir, we are all trained in the same way, and to the same purpose, and I regard the cultivation of learning as one of the means of extending that civilization, that refinement, that improvement, that advanced society, that liberty protected by law, which is to pervade the whole United States. It brings us into contact with each other; States meet States; Universities meet Universities,—and there is a common brotherhood extended throughout the whole of the educated part of the community. I look forward, therefore, Sir, to the cultivation of learning, not merely as a means of advancing the church, or advancing the law, or of promoting any particular department of science, but of training men to fit them for every department; and for that purpose we all travel along the same common road. I look to the cultivation of the law as one of the means of that general union which is to pervade our States, and bind us together as one people.

“Nearly all the States of this Union have derived their principles of jurisprudence from that great body of wise

laws and wise precedents called the Common Law ; and wherever it is studied, whether in Michigan or in Massachusetts, in Connecticut or any of the Western States, the basis is the same. I therefore, Sir, ask the attention of this educated body of men to the great importance of the Dane Law School, a department of this University. Here, Sir, young men are trained in those principles of common law which belong to all the States ; and therefore come here and gather up those principles, and, while they are doing it, may form associations and opinions which tend to produce a common feeling of brotherhood throughout the States. I therefore, Sir, while I ask your kind and affectionate regard to the general institutions of Alma Mater, ask your attention also to that particular department of it which now may be considered as the Law School. Sir, it is not without experience that I claim to make some remarks upon this subject. I have been conversant both with the University and with the administration of the law for a longer period than any person now in the community. Sixty years ago to-day, I received my *primum gradum*, which many of you have received to-day. As student, practitioner, and judge, I have been conversant with the jurisprudence of Massachusetts ever since. I hope that it will be extended. And I can conceive that this institution, bringing together youth from all the States, is among the means of forging a bond of union among all the States, socially and politically ; and I will therefore, Sir, express it in a sentiment which I intended to read, without any remarks : —

“ *The Dane Law School of Harvard College*, — Apparently a small battery, but conducted on principles of true science : may it extend the genial warmth as well as the gladsome light of jurisprudence to every part of our land ; and may it ever remain as one wire of that electric metallic cable, the aggregate strength of which shall bind together all the United States.”

THE PRESIDENT. — “ I am afraid that I shall have no response to the toast which I am about to read ; but I know you will be glad to hear it, and express your kind feelings to one who is absent : —

“ *The distinguished Historian, once at the head of our University,* — He has divided his time between the Father of his country and the Mother of his countrymen, the Alumni. We desire him to show his face to the present generation.”

Three cheers were given for President Sparks.

THE PRESIDENT. — “ I am more fortunate in respect to the next sentiment which I shall announce : —

“ *The late President of Harvard University,* — Long a teacher in human and divine science, we may follow his footsteps by the light they have shed on both. Let us congratulate those who will be privileged still to listen to those expositions of sacred truth which come mended from his tongue. A long and happy afternoon and evening to the retiring President.”

Music, — “ Di Quella Pera,” by the Band.

Dr. Walker, on rising, was received with the most enthusiastic cheering and applause, which continued for some minutes. When at last the plaudits which greeted him subsided, he spoke as follows : —

“ The ex-Presidents are so unreasonably numerous that we have come to the conclusion to speak by our representative. The company, therefore, will be pleased to consider that the speech which has been made by one of my distinguished predecessors (Mr. Everett), was made for the ex-Presidents, — that, in short, with the exception of a few sentences, in which he seemed to forget himself, the speech was mine as much as his. It is too late in the afternoon,

and not precisely ‘the thing,’ to preach a sermon on one of the subjects which, I am happy to say, met with your favor.

“There is also another reason,—they have been heard two or three times. I cannot sit down, however, without a word of encouragement to my friend who has taken the place I so recently held. I believe that there is a common impression that the office is an onerous and thankless one. But I believe no such thing. The public will expect from my friend his best, and he will give it, and I know from my own experience, that he will find it received with a kindness which will fill him with gratitude and wonder.”

Dr. Walker resumed his seat amid the same enthusiastic expressions of the respect and affection of the Alumni which welcomed him on rising.

The President gave the next sentiment:—

“*The Senate of the United States*,—And the distinguished son of Harvard College, who carries the light of the lessons he learned within these walls to illuminate the councils of the nation,—The Honorable Charles Sumner.”

Three cheers were given for Mr. Sumner.

THE PRESIDENT.—“In spite of his thousand deprecating gestures, I am determined that you shall look upon the good-humored face, if you do not hear the words, of

“*The Great Naturalist*,—The man who has found perpetual youth among a community of fossils.”

Professor Agassiz was received with immense cheering as he rose. He spoke as follows:—

“You know, Mr. Chairman, that the fossils have long ceased to speak or utter any sign of life; and yet, when we

look upon them, they tell us the history of the beginning of that creation which concluded with the introduction of men upon earth. It is therefore well worth while that we should bring them together and try to understand their teaching; and it is demanded to-day for this institution. Single-handed I began, bringing together here and there specimens, with very little means, which I could ill afford to spend in that way; but the time came when I could make an appeal to the community in behalf of my cherished objects of study, and friends and the State have within a year erected yonder Museum; and if the community is as liberal in the future, I hope to see an institution second only to two institutions in the world; even now it is number nine among the museums that exist.

“And, Gentlemen, it has not been by begging, that I have obtained the means of doing this. It has not been required of me that I should appeal personally to anybody; but spontaneously every one understanding what the progress of science required,—what the University required for the advancement of some of its branches,—has come forward and thrust these means into my hands. And though, to complete the plan that I have laid out, very large sums are required, I will not make myself a bore by begging anywhere. But I will avail myself of such an opportunity as this to tell you what is wanted to raise an institution, in less than ten years, equal to the British Museum and the Jardin des Plantes, in their corresponding departments. Simply this: that you should give me annually one seventh of what you have given me to spend last year, and that you thus enable me to secure the labors of those devoted sons of science, who, considering its advancement more than their own prosperity, have devoted all their lives to making collections, and are now on the border of the grave, and who look for a safe resting-place for their collections, from which they are

going to part. Let that Museum be the shelter where all these collections shall find a resting-place, and then in less than ten years we shall have one of the first three Museums that exist in the world."

THE PRESIDENT. — "I give you,

" *Our Sister Colleges*, — One in aim with our own, one in heart, — would they were all in presence with us to-day. We must quote the national motto, 'E Pluribus Unum,' and take one for many, — the Rev. Dr. Stearns, President of Amherst College."

Three cheers having been given for Amherst College, Dr. Stearns rose and said : —

"Mr. President, — Having performed the duties assigned to me to-day, I supposed that I had escaped from your shots; but as you have called upon me, I will take this opportunity to say one word out of respect and love to my old Alma Mater. I have formed new connections in one respect, but I cannot forget my old love. In connection with the very prayer which my mother taught me to repeat, I was instructed also to feel the charm which there ever is in the words 'Harvard College.' I was not only educated here myself, but here three of my brothers graduated, my father graduated, my maternal and paternal grandfathers, and, I believe, one of my ancestors in every generation from the settlement of the country down to the present time. I have a right to say, therefore, whatever my present connections and my present duties were, — I love old Harvard; and I have a right to say that I love that large-hearted brother of the class of 1827 who has been inaugurated as President to-day. What he was in College, he has been ever since, and he will be in time to come. I predict for him an honorable administration, and the good-will of all the graduates in successive classes hereafter, if not even to-day.

“I wish to take this opportunity to thank my friends of Harvard College for the sympathy they have accorded me since my connection with Amherst. The President of to-day was one of the first persons whom I consulted as to the expediency of assuming the office of President of the College at Amherst. The President who has just retired was another whom I consulted; and it was owing much to the cordiality with which they treated that subject, and the information they gave me, that I was induced to accept the position which I now occupy. Amherst College cannot compete in all respects with Harvard. It is probable she never will. She is a daughter of Harvard, of which the good old mother will not have reason to be entirely ashamed. She is very considerable of a College. We have nine large public edifices, besides the President’s house. We have as large classes as Old Harvard had when I graduated. We have cabinets which are acknowledged to be some of the best in the country. I will not go further in our praise, but if you will come up to Old Amherst, we will show you from our towers Mount Tom, and Holyoke, and the Pelham Hills, and Connecticut River, and as beautiful scenery as the eye of man was ever cast upon.

“Some of my friends have said of me that I am apt sometimes to look through Cambridge spectacles. I have introduced an occasional innovation, and among the rest one which was somewhat criticised. It was the introduction of the President’s cap and gown,—which were never seen in Old Amherst before. I was warned against the questionableness of the act. I was told that I was venturing, and I did not know but I was. I thought, however, that, if they said there was a fool’s cap on my head, there should be grit enough under it to wear it there. I wore it, Sir, and perhaps it was not altogether offensive to Old Amherst.

“The day I entered upon my duties was very much like

the present, — a hearty good rain all the morning. One of the patrons of the College, who had come from somewhere among the everlasting hills, remarked that he ‘did not like the *reign* of this new President.’ But, Sir, we have all learned that what begins in a storm is often followed by glorious sunshine; and I believe it may be in Harvard as it was in Amherst.

“I meant to tell you how I came on with gown and cap. One of the venerable men, whom I love most sincerely, took me aside and said, very gravely: ‘Dr. Stearns, I have heard of but one adverse criticism upon your administration thus far.’ I began to tremble in my shoes, for I did not know what I might have done. ‘What is it?’ said I. ‘Why,’ said he, ‘that cap.’ ‘And what of the cap?’ ‘Why,’ said he, ‘it is an innovation.’ ‘And what objection is made to the innovation?’ ‘Why,’ said he, ‘if I must tell you, the wearer of such a cap as that may be supposed to carry a little vanity under it.’ ‘Sir,’ said I, ‘is that all?’ ‘Yes,’ said he, ‘it is all.’ ‘Sir,’ said I, ‘you have lived long enough to know that every man must have some foible; I agree with you that this is mine, — and I think, if you live to see the next Commencement, you will see it there again.’ Now to think, Mr. President, — and I make this remark partly to myself and partly to the new President of our Alma Mater, — to think of vanity when a man first wears the Commencement or Presidential cap, — when he is full of academic cares, and his stomach is overloaded with the Commencement Latin, from which he fears that he shall not be relieved, unless it is by his own demise! Be that as it may, the cap in Amherst College has become an institution, and Young Amherst, I believe, likes it very well. I will not detain you longer, except to say that, if you will come to Amherst, we will not show you all the glories of Harvard, but I think we will show you something in the daughter which will not make you ashamed that Old Harvard is her parent.

“I will give you, in conclusion, my best wishes for the administration of the new President, — my best wishes for the College; may the administration be long and brilliant, and the career of the College be more and more glorious unto the end of time.”

The President gave : —

“*The Scholarship of the Country*, — One of its best reputations has disguised himself as a lawyer, and made the profession believe him a very good one. We ask the Hon. George S. Hillard to unmask and show us the face of one of our own elegant and accomplished scholars.”

Three cheers were given for Mr. Hillard, but he having retired from the hall, no response was made to the toast.

The following sentiment was given : —

“*The Pulpit of the Great City*, — It takes a good head, a brave heart, and a stirring voice, to banish sleep from its cushioned seats. Our brother, Dr. Bellows, has them all, and we want to hear his voice among us.”

Dr. Bellows was received with cheers, and he spoke as follows : —

“Mr. President, — Having lately knocked down the Doctors of Medicine with seeming impunity, you now venture to crack up the Doctors of Divinity ! I shall not venture to speak for the American pulpit, Sir, nor for the contributions Harvard has made to its learning and power. But I shall take advantage of the moment your call allows me, to say a word about our Divinity School. The Law School and the Scientific School have had their advocates, and they have gained their causes with this audience. Will you not permit me to plead the cause of the theological department of the University ? We have heard, Sir,

with pain, in our part of the country, that you are thinking of amputating that member of the University. Sir, we protest against so fatal a mutilation of the Body of Learning. You will destroy the very right of this institution to the name of University, if you cut off so integral a portion as the department of Divinity, — one of the three great departments of the higher learning, as we have heard to-day. Nor, Sir, is it necessary to take this course to escape the suspicion of sectarianism. Rather enlarge than diminish the theological culture of the University. Allow any denomination that will, to endow a theological professorship, and nominate an incumbent of its own choice, and give students the privilege of attending the lectures of such Doctors in Theology as they prefer, and you will enlarge the influence and popularity of the institution, without adopting the remedy worse than the disease, namely, putting out the right eye of the University to cure a squint.

“ But, Sir, my devotion to Harvard does not depend upon her good behavior, either in this or other respects. I have just given the greatest proof of my loyalty by bringing my only son away from the metropolis of the country — from the open portals of Columbia College, where, judging by the salaries, the Professors ought to be two or three times as distinguished as those of Harvard, and with a King for a President — to this my own Alma Mater. Nay, Sir, I have withstood a greater temptation, for a College dearer than any other to my pride and my hopes was drawing hard upon my heart, — Antioch College, — almost a child of this, the young Harvard of the West, — which has recently called a distinguished Alumnus of yours to her Presidency, a man whom the College honored itself yesterday by decorating with a Doctorate of Divinity. But, Sir, I withstood the College of my adopted home, and the College of my devoted anxieties and most earnest hopes, for the College of my own nurture.

Recently visiting that young Western Harvard, I was intensely impressed with the responsibilities of all College Presidents. Listening to the twenty-eight orations of the graduates, I was reminded of the difficulty of the wine-tasters, one of whom detected iron and the other leather in the butt of sherry, into which, when decanted, an iron key with a leathern thong was found to have fallen. The orations smacked nine parts of Horace Mann and one part of Thomas Hill, who had been hardly a year in the College. What can exceed the splendor of the opportunities, if it be not the grants of the responsibility of officers at the head of institutions like this, when they are thus seen communicating a flavor to all that flows from these public fountains?

“But, Sir, I have exhausted my privilege, and, as I have no sentiment to offer, I am fortunate in having found in the car this morning, making my way through the rain, a stanza which must have been dropped on the previous trip by some retired hatter, who had given expression to his feelings, in view of the dampness that threatened the inauguration:—

“Though winds do blow and waters flow,
And envious clouds may pelt on,
Her sacred crown no floods can drown,
While Harvard keeps her Felt-on.”

Dr. Holmes here read extracts of letters from the President of the Alumni, of interest to the Association. Then the band played “Home, Sweet Home,” and accompanied the chorus of “Auld Lang Syne,” with which the festival closed.

(Wilson)

ADDRESSES

AT THE INAUGURATION OF

CORNELIUS CONWAY FELTON, LL. D.,

AS

PRESIDENT OF HARVARD COLLEGE,

AND AT

THE FESTIVAL OF THE ALUMNI,

THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1860.



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